1954

Masmid

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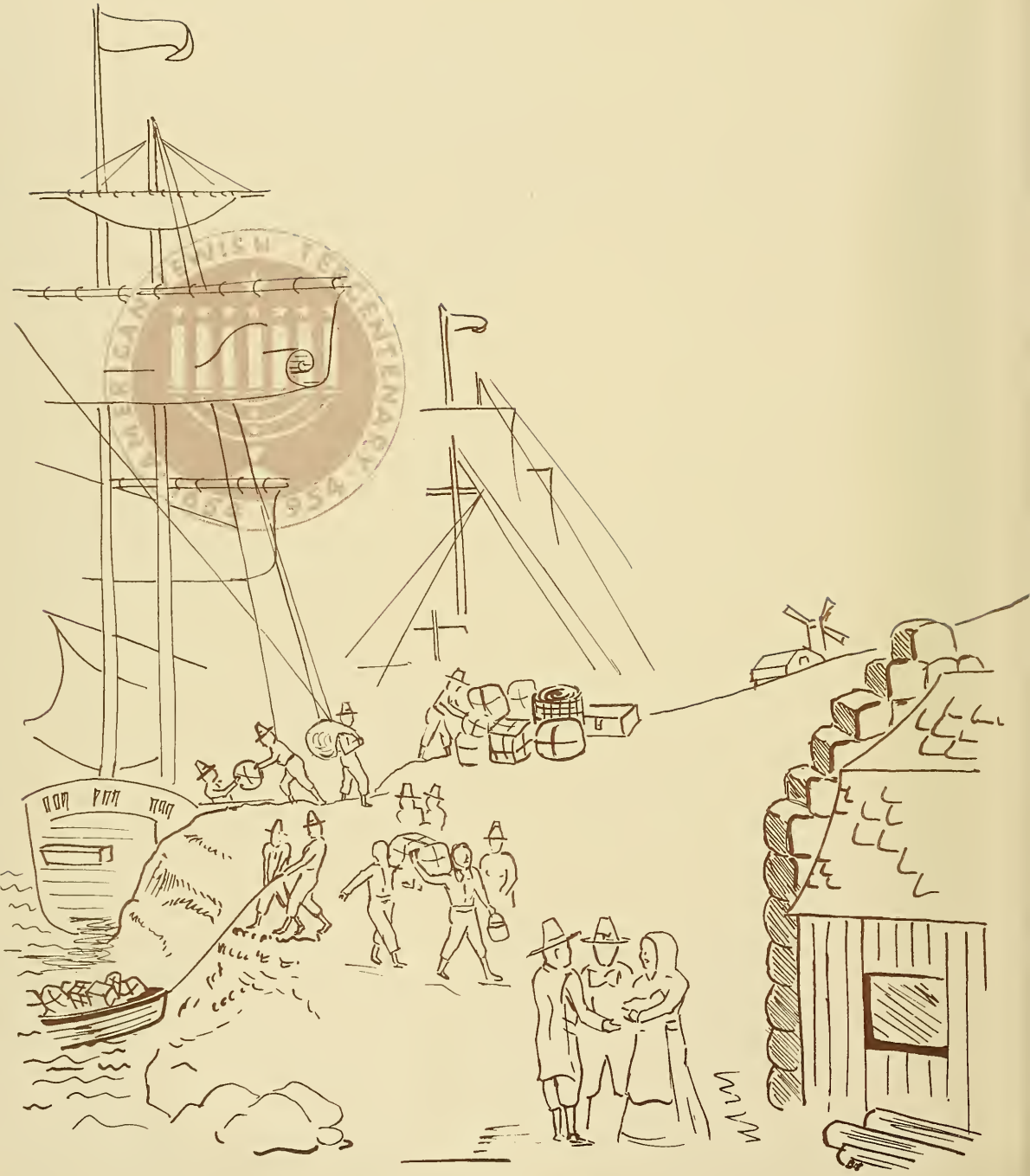

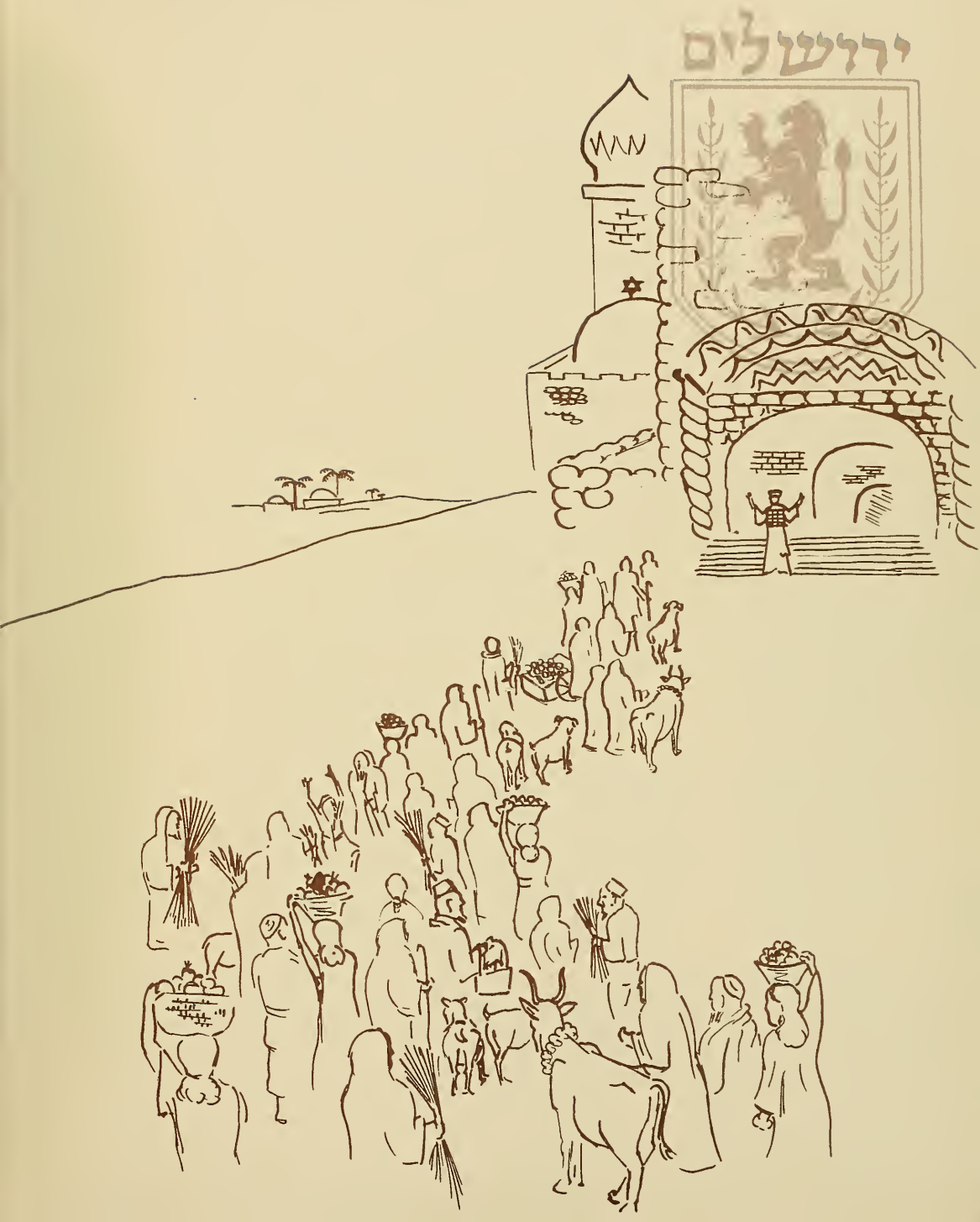
ירושלים

Yeshiva College, June, 1954

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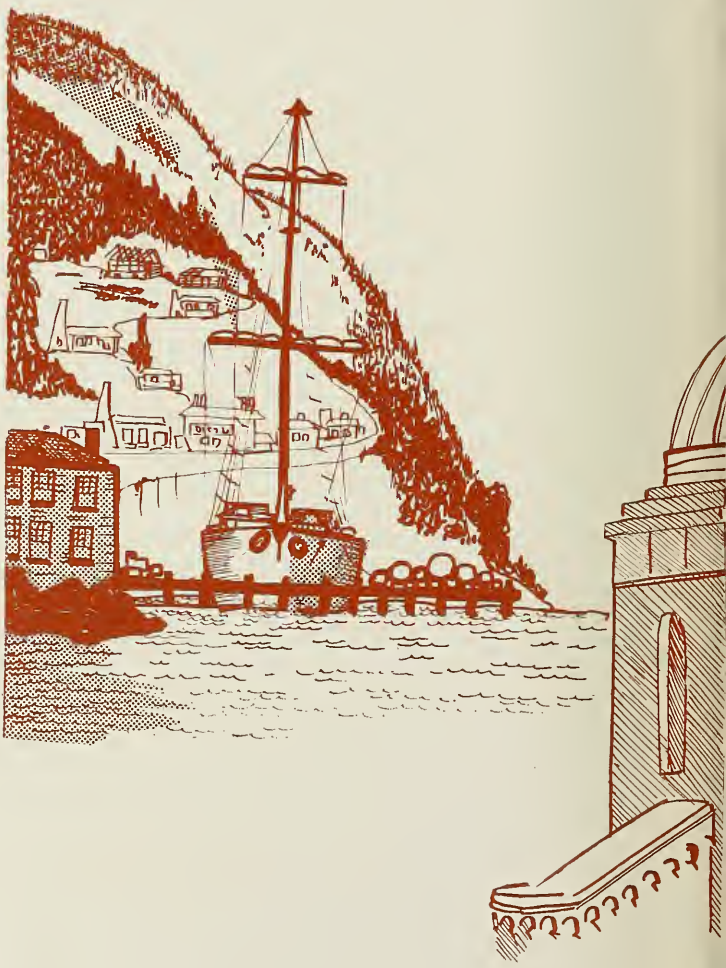
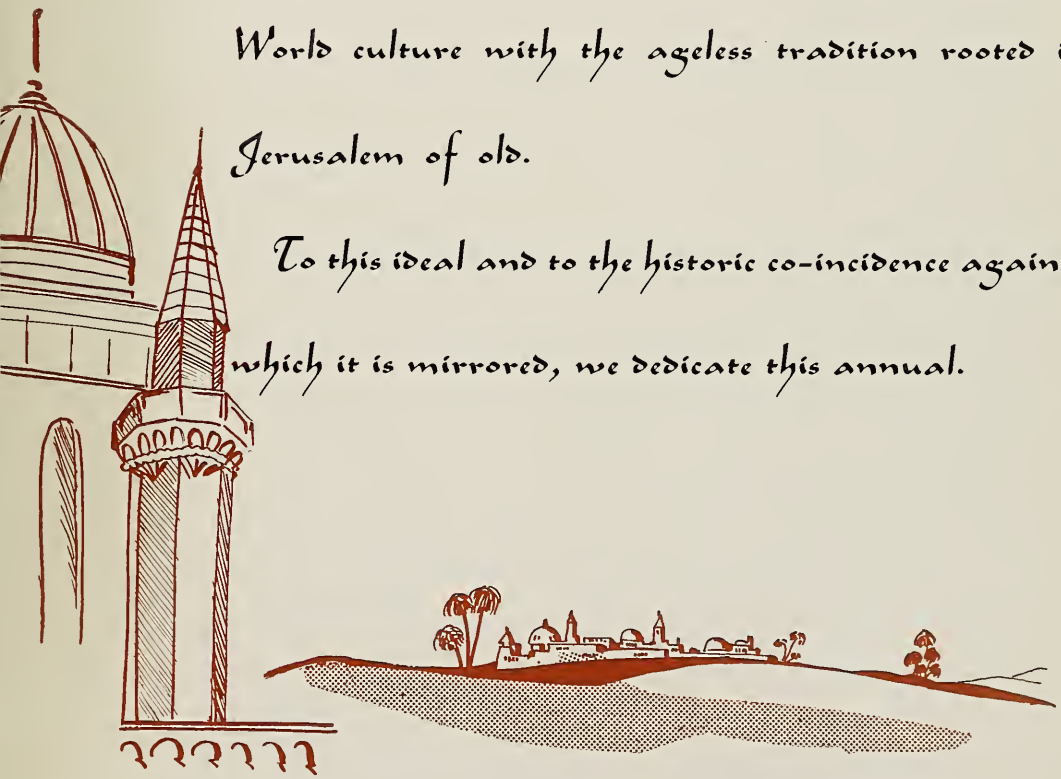


The observance of the three thousandth anniversary of Jerusalem as Israel's capital and the three hundredth anniversary of the American Jewish community reflects, in the mirror of history, the ideal of Yeshiva University to harmonize the New World culture with the ageless tradition rooted in Jerusalem of old.

To this ideal and to the historic co-incidence against which it is mirrored, we dedicate this annual.



OLD JERUSALEM AND THE NEW WORLD

"For out of Zion will go forth The Law and the word of G-d from Jerusalem . . "

JERUSALEM became the capital of the Jewish nation when King David conquered this former Jebusite stronghold and subsequently, moved the Ark of the Covenant into the city. However, Jewish tradition assigns to Jerusalem a pre-Davidic significance: Mount Moriah, the site of Solomon's Temple was the site of Abraham's intended sacrifice of Isaac. According to the Talmud, Jerusalem, as the chosen city of God, received nine of the ten measures of charm given to the world.

The city flourished under the Davidic dynasty, as the economic and political center of the nation. Its greatest significance, however, then and through the ages, was spiritual. Jerusalem witnessed the annual celebration of the Great Festivals and from Jerusalem came forth the prophetic doctrines of Justice, Righteousness and Peace.

Yet the "City of Peace" was often the scene of conflict. Though miraculously saved from the sword of Sennacherib in 701 B.C.E., Jerusalem fell to Nebuchadnezzar in 586 B.C.E. and the Temple was razed. During the Second Jewish Commonwealth, Jerusalem was involved in the power struggles of the Near East. The stirring Maccabean revolt in 165 B.C.E. and the destruction of the Second Temple by the Romans in 70 C.E. were events precipitated by these struggles. The city was further degraded after Bar Kochba's unsuccessful uprising in 135 C.E., when it was transformed into the Roman colony of Aelia Capitolina.

Though bereft of its position as both the political and geographic center of the Jewish people, Jerusalem remained at the core of Jewish hopes for redemption and restoration through the long exile. The return to Zion was a recurring theme in Jewish prayer. Often the dream of return was realized by devoted pilgrims or false messiahs who attempted to hasten "the end of days." Those who were unable to make the trip themselves were generous in supporting the small Yishuv that always remained, to study in the ancient city and to pray before the Western Wall—the vestige of the glory that was the Temple. The undying hope to return made possible the miraculous revival of Jerusalem during the past century.

Jerusalem's present Jewish population of 165,000, represents a six-fold increase in the last half-century. New suburbs have been built outside the old walled city. New Jerusalem has become a cultural center, with its Hebrew University, Bezalel Museum, and religious institutions. The inhabitants of the besieged city played a valiant part in the War of Liberation that followed the establishment of the State of Israel in 1948. Soon after, the Israeli government, cognizant of the Biblical and contemporary connection between the city and the Jewish people, established Jerusalem as the capital of the young state.

Though a striving metropolis, Jewish Jerusalem does not yet encompass the Arab-held Old City, of especial significance to the Jews, who alone through the ages viewed the Old City as the sole center of their national and spiritual life.

It is noteworthy that the first Jewish suburb outside the old walled City of Jerusalem was built with funds left by Judah Touro, an American Jewish patriot. Since that year of 1860, American Jewish support has been an important factor in the rebirth of Jerusalem and Israel, especially during the last decades. It is thus fitting that the three thousandth anniversary of Jerusalem as King David's capital coincides with the three hundredth anniversary of Jewish settlement in America.

In September, 1654, twenty-three Spanish Portuguese Jews arrived in Nieuw Amsterdam. They came from settlements in South America and the West Indies, where they had searched for religious freedom and the right to build a better life than they had known in the Old World. Their search brought them to the new colony at the mouth of the Hudson, where they were allowed to remain with difficulty, but later won the right to serve in the militia, to travel and to trade along the Hudson and Delaware Rivers. In subsequent years, they obtained permission to establish a Jewish burial ground, the privilege of owning real estate and

"Ye shall proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof . . "

SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE SYNAGOGUE INTERIOR
of Congregation Shearith Israel, founded in 1654. (Courtesy of Congregation Shearith Israel).

finally, the rights of citizenship. Their synagogue Shearith Israel, the first on American soil, maintains to this day the ceremonies and traditions of these Sephardic Jews.

Other Jews soon sought out the New World. They settled in New York, Philadelphia, Newport, Boston and in other cities along the coast, so that by 1800 there were 2,500 Jews in the United States. They were mainly engaged in the shipping industry, which brought new wealth to the country. They organized their own communities where they had the right to build synagogues and worship as they pleased.

During the nineteenth century, immigration continually increased from Germany and Poland and was later supplemented with immigration from Russia and Roumania. The Jews of Western Europe brought to this country new philanthropic and social institutions, which were to be enriched with the scholarly Talmudic traditions of Eastern European Jewry.

Today, five million Jews in America, comprising the world's largest Jewish community, are weaving their pattern of Jewish life from the religious, social and educational traditions of their common past together with contemporary American institutions. With the Holy Land as a renewed center of vibrant Jewish life, may American Jewry and Jews the world over turn to Zion for inspiration to expand their spiritual horizons.

OLD JERUSALEM
as viewed from beyond the walls of the city. (Courtesy of Zionist Archives).

THE WESTERN WALL
last remains of the Temple of Jerusalem, presently under Arab control. (Courtesy of Zionist Archives).

messages

TODAY as you are leaving the four walls of Yeshiva, I wish to congratulate you on your past achievements and wish you great success in your future endeavors. Above all, you should remember the underlying principles which guide the destiny of your alma mater.

The name Yeshiva College in itself is the greatest symbol of its purpose and philosophy. For the Yeshiva as an institution is not interested purely in mental gymnastics, in metaphysical speculations, in mere theory. The philosophy of Yeshiva has always been that theory must be translated into practice, being into doing, and learning must lead to moral and ethical disciplines based upon the divine and universal law of the Torah. The teaching of the Yeshiva is primarily dedicated to the spiritual and moral purposes of our daily lives. A liberal college of arts and sciences in the modern sense of the term is dedicated to the acquisition of human knowledge; to give the opportunity to the human mind to search and research into the mysteries of the universe, to acquire a better understanding of the world in which we have been placed, to achieve a greater appreciation of the lives and destinies of peoples among whom we live. A college of arts and sciences is primarily concerned with Man and his World.

The purpose of Yeshiva College, therefore, is to create a unity between the Yeshiva and the College. The Yeshiva endeavors to give moral and spiritual purpose for human knowledge which the student acquires in the college of arts and sciences.

I have abiding faith that you will govern your lives by the standards of the Torah, and by your American way of life, and that you will consider your education as a means to a great end—towards consecrated service to G-d and our fellowmen.

I congratulate you and wish you well-being and well-doing.

Sincerely yours,

Samuel Belkin

SAMUEL BELKIN,
President

from the administration

ONCE MORE a class leaves the portals of Yeshiva College to enter the wider world of business and of the professions. What will the members of the graduating class carry with them into the manifold activities which they now enter? Will their stay at Yeshiva College have been merely a formal transition to the law school, the medical school, the graduate school, and the business world, or will it have contributed something of deeper value to their future? When they come to take stock, after the passage of years, of the contribution made by Yeshiva College to their intellectual and spiritual development, I am certain that they will decide that what this college gave them cannot be assessed in formal and academic terms. They will discover, I am sure, that here were laid foundations for their moral as well as their vocational growth, that in one way or another their lives have been quickened and enriched by their association with Yeshiva College. As the new Acting Dean I look forward with great hope to the fruition of this promise and wish the members of the graduating class the success that they deserve.

Simeon L. Guterman

SIMEON L. GUTERMAN,
Acting Dean

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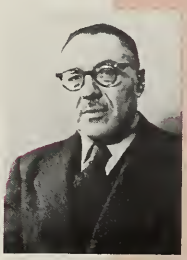
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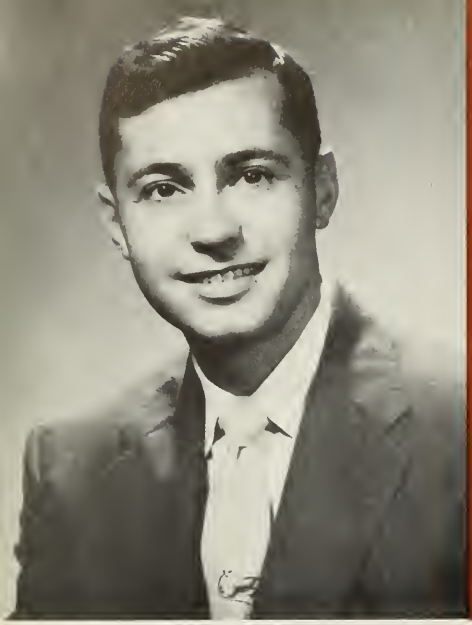
DR. ASHER SIEV

DR. SOLOMON WIND

Masmid



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Literary Editor

SEYMOUR ESSROG
Managing Editor

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Associate Literary Editor

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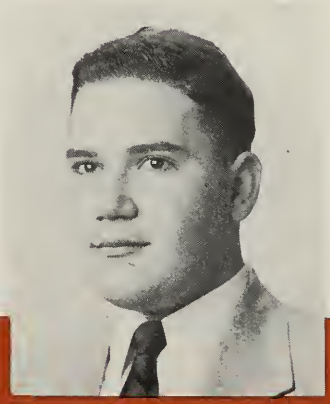


MORTON RICHTER
Photography Editor

Down These Aisles...

The Graduates

FRED ACKERMAN

History *Bronx, N. Y.*

"A gentleman in attendance!"

NORMAN ALPERT

Psychology *Dorchester, Mass.*

Eranos; IRS; Psychology Club

"A teacher affects eternity;
He can never tell where his influence stops"

SAMUEL APRIL

Political Science *Miami, Fla.*

Debating Society; IRS; Eranos; Cheering Squad; Varsity tennis

"Wash, dress, be brief in praying."

EMANUEL M. ARONOWSKY

Hebrew *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Eranos; Jewish Philosophy Society

"They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts."

IRVING ARONSON

Physics *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Mathematics Club

"How far that little candle throws his beams!"

CHARLES BAKER

Sociology *Pleasantville, N. Y.*

Y.U.A.A.; Deutscher Verein

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

JOEL BALSAM

Political Science *Ozone Park, N. Y.*

Student Council, president; Masmid, literary editor; Debating Society; Gamma Rho Sigma; Eta Sigma Phi; Eranos, secretary; I.R.S.; Y.U.A.A.; Placement Bureau; Junior Award

"The reward of a task well done is its memory."

RALPH BIERMAN

Psychology *Bronx, N. Y.*

Student Council; Psychology Club; SAC

"Sweet Helene, make me immortal with a kiss."

LOUIS BLANK

History *New York, N. Y.*

"Always prompt for his weekly Lessin."

BENJAMIN BLECH

English *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Le Cercle Francais

"The way of all flesh . . ."

MURRAY BOMZER

Philosophy *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Commentator, circulation manager; Co-op; Eranos; Y.U. Drive; Debating Society

"He was in logic a great critic
Profoundly skilled in analytic . . ."

SAMUEL BRAMSON

Mathematics *Dorchester, Mass.*

Y.U. Drive; Mathematics Club; Track Team

"None but the brave deserve the fair."

WALLACE CHAMEDES

Hebrew *New York, N. Y.*

Jewish Philosophy Society

"Great thoughts, like great deeds, need no trumpet."

JEROME CHERVIN

Psychology *Spring Valley, N. Y.*

Psychology Club

"Humility is the solid foundation of all the virtues."

MELVIN S. COHEN

Physics *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Commentator; Mathematics Club; Chess Club; Wrestling Club; Masmid

"A good laugh is sunshine in a house."

SOLEYMAN DAYAN

Psychology *Isfahan, Iran*

Psychology Club; Le Cercle Francais

"He cometh from afar to seek knowledge."

ALBERT M. DIMONT

Chemistry *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

You, the Student; Pre-Medical Society; Ice Skating Club

"A girl's best friend."

LABEL DULITZ

English *New Orleans, La.*

Le Cercle Francais; Y.U. Drive

"A Dixie Kup on Yankee soil."

JAY D. FALK

Biology *Bronx, N. Y.*

Biology Society

"Silence is one great art of conversation."

EMANUEL FRANKEL

Psychology *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Psychology Club: Sociological Society

"Better late than never but never so late."

STANLEY GOLD

English *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Eranos

"Don't let the stars get in your eyes."

MARVIN J. GOLDISH

Sociology *Cleveland, Ohio*

Sociological Society, vice president: I.R.S.;
Israeli Philatelic Society; Masmid;
Jewish Philosophy Society

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

ARNOLD A. GOLDSTEIN

Chemistry *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

You, the Student; Commentator;
Pre-Medical Society; Ice Skating Club

"To Althea from prison . . ."

IRVING GOODMAN

Political Science *Toronto, Canada*

I.R.S.; Eranos; Eta Sigma Phi

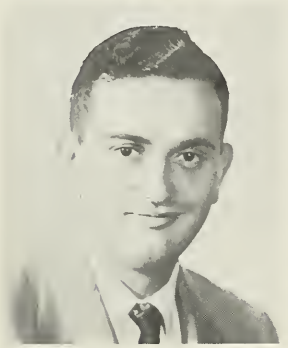
"A lawyer art thou; draw not nigh."

ISAAC M. GOODMAN

Hebrew *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Student Council; Commentator; Co-op; Y.U. Drive

"If music be the food of love, play on."



SOLOMON GREENFIELD

History *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Masmid, business manager; Student Council, athletic manager; Commentator; Y.U.A.A.; Deutscher Verein

"Business is quite simple. It's other people's money."

HERMAN M. HALON

Jewish Studies *New York, N. Y.*

Jewish Philosophy Society; Music Club

"Man cannot live on bread alone;
he needs friends as well."

NEIL S. HECHT

Political Science *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Student Council; Commentator; Masmid; Debating Society; I.R.S.. president; Y.U. Drive; Varsity fencing; Student Faculty Relations Committee; Awards Committee; Junior Award; Valedictorian

AARON L. HEIMOWITZ

English *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Commentator; Israeli Philatelic Society

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

DONALD HEISLER

Pre-Dental *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Commentator; Masmid; Pre-Medical Society; SAC

"He that has patients can have what he will."

MELVIN HELLER

Political Science *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Student Council; Commentator; I.R.S.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

HENRY HENOCH

Psychology *New York, N. Y.*

"Character makes its own destiny."

STANLEY S. HERMAN

English *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

"Beware the fury of a patient man."

JERRY HOCHBAUM

Sociology *New York, N. Y.*

Sociological Society; J.V. basketball;
Jewish Philosophy Society

"Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels."

ALEX HOFFER

Pre-Medical *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Masmid, editor-in-chief; Commentator, news editor, feature editor; Eranos; Pre-Medical Society, president; Gamma Rho Sigma, secretary; Eta Sigma Phi; Y.U. Drive

"This one loves no superfluous leisure."

JOSEPH V. HOLSTEIN

Mathematics *Yonkers, N. Y.*

Commentator; Choral Society; Placement Bureau; Varsity soccer, captain

"He could sing the savageness out of a bear."

ZEV HYMOWITZ

Psychology *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Y.U.A.A.; I.R.S.; J.V. basketball

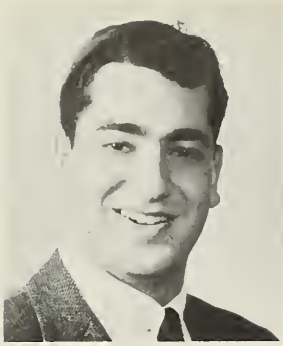
"To the youth belongs the future."

SOLOMON KAHANE

English *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Deutscher Verein

"There is many a slip
Should you follow the Lip."

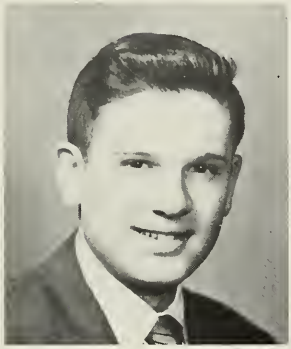


RAPHAEL KESTENBAUM

Physics *New York, N. Y.*

Math Club; Skating Club; Commentator

"Beauties in vain their eyes may roll."



ARNOLD KNOLL

Physics *Brooklyn, N. Y*

Commentator; Student Council; Math Club; Ice Skating Club; Masmid, literary editor

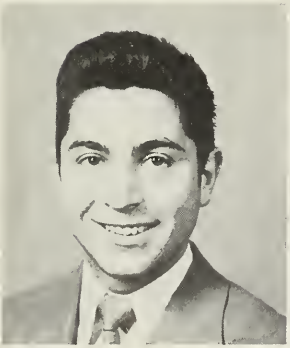
"Distinction is the consequence, not the object, of his mind."

CHARLES KORN

Physics *New York, N. Y.*

Math Club

"Nothing endures but personal qualities."



MURRAY H. KORN

Psychology *New York, N. Y.*

Eranos; Psychology Club

"Although I am a pious man,
I am nevertheless a man."

ABRAHAM J. KRAMER

Political Science *Hoboken, N. J.*

Varsity basketball; Varsity tennis; Le Cercle Francais; Co-op; Y.U. Drive, chairman

"The rule of my life is to make business a pleasure and pleasure my business."

HERBERT W. KRYSTAL

Biology *Bronx, N. Y.*

Le Cercle Francais; Pre-Medical Society; Mathematics Club; Biology Club

"What youth deems crystal, age finds out was dew."

ERNEST D. LAPP

Political Science *Bronx, N. Y.*

Choral Society; I.R.S.

"The importance of being oneself."

MURRAY LEIFER

Psychology *New York, N. Y.*

Masmid; Eranos; Co-op; I.R.S.; Psychology Club; J.V. basketball

"Gather ye rosebuds."

ALFRED LEIMAN

Physics *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

"Sue-Sue in the city."

DAVID K. LEVEY

English *Syracuse, N. Y.*

Commentator; Y.U. Drive; Varsity fencing, manager

"But they, while their companions slept, were toiling upward in the night."

ELIHU L. LEVINE

Physics *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Varsity basketball, captain

"Doris is his alter ego."

JONAH MANN

Mathematics *Quincy, Mass.*
Commentator

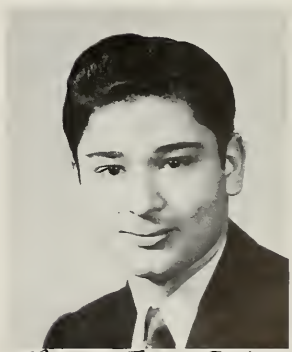
"Arnesty is the best policy."

BERNARD H. MARKOWITZ

Biology *New York, N. Y.*

Pre-Medical Society

"This is going to hurt just a little bit."



ABRAHAM M. MORDUCHOWITZ

Chemistry *Bronx, N. Y.*

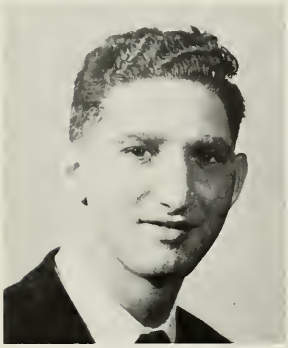
Student Council; Co-op, manager; Masmid
"Chemical rabbinics was dukedom large enough."

ABRAHAM MORHAIM

Jewish Studies *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Varsity basketball

"For there was never yet a philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently."



MORTON N. NARROWE

Classical Languages *Philadelphia, Pa.*
Eranos; Varsity basketball

"A black derby and a Virgil."

OTTO NEWMAN

Jewish Studies *Bronx, N. Y.*

Y.U. Drive, co-chairman; S.A.C.; Blood Drive

"All art is but imitation of nature."

GERALD NISSENBAUM

Pre-Medical *Jersey City, N. J.*

Commentator; Masmid; Pre-Medical Society, vice president; Biological Society; Y.U.A.A.

"Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven."

HERBERT PANITCH

Political Science *Elizabeth, N. J.*

Varsity Fencing; Commentator; SAC; Used Book Exchange; IRS; Dramatics Society; You The Student

"Good clothes open all doors."

MORRIS RAPOPORT

Chemistry *Toronto, Canada*

Chemistry laboratory assistant

"Though all the world slide, I'll not budge an inch."

MANFRED RECHTSCHAFFEN

Psychology *New York, N. Y.*

Varsity tennis; J.V. basketball; Chess Team; Psychology Club; Math Club; Deutscher Verein

"They conquer who believe they can."

RAPHAEL I. REICHMAN

Mathematics *Bronx, N. Y.*

"A wise son maketh a glad father."

JACK REINER

Psychology *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Co-op, manager; Israeli Philatelic Society, pres.; Commentator; Y.U. Drive; SAC; Book Exchange

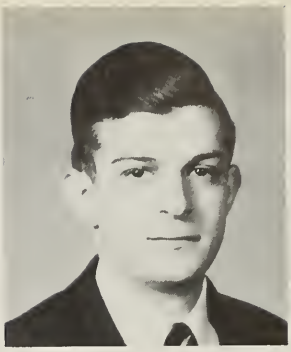
"He left his stamp upon Yeshiva."

BERNARD REISS

Psychology *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Co-op; Psychology Club; Y.U. Drive; Deutscher Verein

"The actions of men are the best interpreters of their thoughts."



HERBERT D. RICHTMAN

English *New York, N. Y.*

Y.U. Drive; Eranos

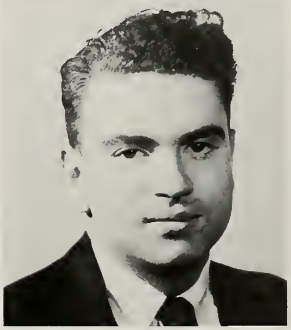
"He preaches well who lives well."

MOSHE RIESE

Classical Languages *Bronx, N. Y.*

Eranos, vice-president

"Ideas are like beards—men do not have them until they grow up."



MARVIN B. ROSEN

Chemistry *New York, N. Y.*

Pre-Medical Society

"They that do change old love for new."

MICHAEL ROSENAK

Sociology *Kew Gardens, N. Y.*

Commentator, associate editor; Masmid; You, the Student, editor; Student Faculty Relations Committee; Sociological Society

"The pen is the tongue of the mind."

NORMAN S. ROSENFELD

Physics *New York, N. Y.*

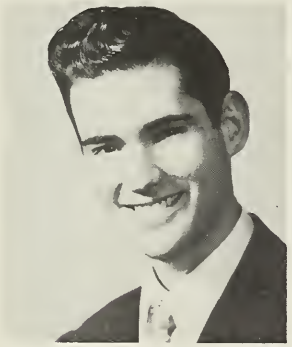
Student Council; Mathematics Club, president
"Science does not know its debt to imagination."

SHELDON RUDOFF

Political Science *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Student Council; Debating Society; Commentator, editor-in-chief; I.R.S., vice president; Eranos; Gamma Rho Sigma, vice-president; Y.U. Drive; SAC

"Among commentators, the wee hours are blessed with true creativity."



RALPH SAAL

Biology *New York, N. Y.*

Y.U. Drive; Pre-Medical Society

"He hath better bettered expectations."

OSCAR SCHACHTER

Political Science *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Commentator; Student Council; Co-op; I.R.S.; Students for Democratic Action, president

"If we encountered a man of rare intellect we should ask him what books he read."

ELIHU SCHATZ

Chemistry *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Mathematics Club

"Remuneration? Oh! That's the Latin word for three farthings."

ORI J. SCHONTHAL

Political Science *New York, N. Y.*

Le Cercle Francais, president; Pi Delta Phi, president; I.R.S.; Varsity fencing; Le Flambeau

"The last time I saw Paris . . ."

JUDAH L. SCHWARTZ

Physics *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Commentator; Mathematics; Dramatic Society

"In spring a young man's fancy turns . . ."

ARYEH SEAGULL

English *New York, N. Y.*

Varsity fencing; Commentator

"A lion is the king of beasts."

BENJAMIN SERUYA

Hebrew *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Choral Society; Y.U. Drive

"The Syrian came down to the Heights."

HARRY L. SHIDLOVSKY

Mathematics *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Co-op, manager; Mathematics Club

"Chicken, thou has plagued me long enough!"

SHERMAN D. SIFF

Sociology *Worcester, Mass.*

Sociological Society, secretary; Jewish Philosophy Society

"A mind not to be changed by time or place."

YITZCHAK A. SLADOWSKY

English *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

J.V. basketball

"Without labor nothing prospers."

JOEL N. SMILCHENSKY

English *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Commentator; Co-op; I.R.S.; Eranos, secretary; SAC; Used Book Exchange; Varsity fencing

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

SIGMOND SOBEL

Psychology *Jackson Heights, L. I.*

Varsity tennis

"My master's name was also Sigmond."

BERNARD I. SOHN

Biology *Boston, Mass.*

Masmid, art editor; Pre-Medical Society; Y.U. Drive

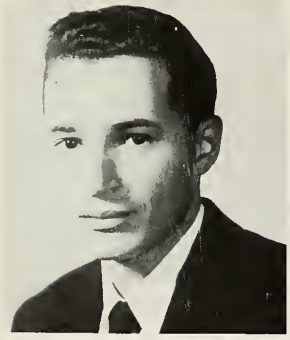
"Art is the accomplice of love."

LAWRENCE STAIMAN

Political Science *Williamsport, Pa.*

Varsity basketball

"The best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new."



DAVID I. STERMAN

Political Science *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Masmid; I.R.S.; Y.U. Drive

"There is nothing new under the sun."

JESSE M. SUGARMAN

Hebrew *Baltimore, Md.*

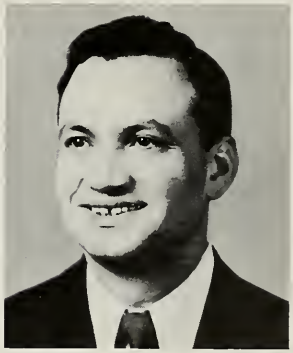
"From Jesse James to Jesse Sugarman, no other like Jesse."

MORTON SUMMER

Hebrew Studies *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Jewish Philosophy Society, president

"Halacha is the true embodiment of everything that is excellent."



ISAAC SUNA

History *Flushing, N. Y.*

"Knowledge advances by steps and not by leaps."

DAVID SUTTON

Hebrew *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Le Cercle Francais

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings."

MORRIS TALANSKY

Political Science *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

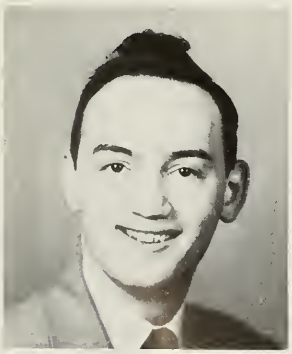
"Be thou not like the servants who minister to the Rav . . ."

ALFRED THEE

Chemistry *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Pre-Medical Society; Deutscher Verein; German Award

"Perseverance is king."



NORMAN TOKAYER

Sociology *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Sociological Society; Y.U. Drive; Varsity fencing, captain

"Good fencers make good neighbors."

GERALD L. TURK

English *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Varsity soccer; J.V. basketball

"Enough of science and art; close up those barren leaves!"

JOSEPH A. URIVETSKY

Hebrew *New York, N. Y.*

Student Council; Commentator; Masmid; Jewish Philosophy Society; SAC

"Studies serve for delight, for ornament and for ability."

JOSHUA B. WACHTFOGEL

English *Philadelphia, Pa.*

"Where there is no vision the people perish."

MAX WAGNER

Political Science *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Deutscher Verein; Sociological Society

"Common sense is very uncommon."

NORMAN WALLES

Psychology *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Commentator; Co-op; Psychology Club; SAC; Used Book Exchange

"On the light fantastic toes."

LEON WILDES

Sociology *Olyphant, Pa.*

Sociological Society, president; SAC, chairman; Masmid, art editor; Commentator; Debating Society; Varsity soccer, manager; Art Club; I.R.S.; University Guide Book, editor

"Better to wear out than rust out."

LEON M. WOOLF

Sociology *Baltimore, Md.*

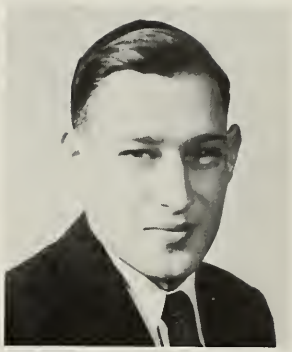
Sociological Society; Masmid

"Good nature and good sense must ever join."

JACOB ZEV

Hebrew *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

"Travel maketh a man."



ERIC W. ZIMMER

Philosophy *New York, N. Y.*

"What is mind? No matter.
What is matter? Never mind."

MORRIS L. ZWANG

English *Newark, N. J.*

Varsity fencing

"A soul that's warm,
A wit that's cool."

Camera Shy

MAURICE GELDER

Pre-Dental *New York, N. Y.*

Le Flambeau, associate editor; Le Cercle Francais;
Pre-Medical Society

"I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last."

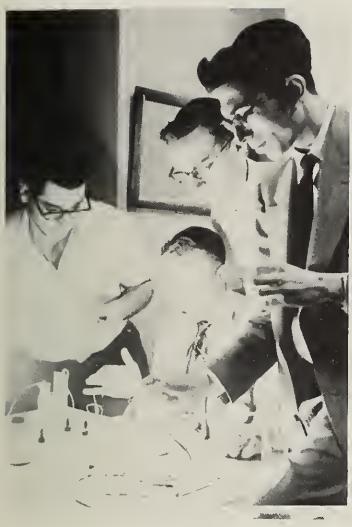
Class History

FRESHMAN YEAR

"The memory of what has been and never more will be."

The Chronicler will be excused if the Septemper of 1950 is a little hazy in his mind. It was our first look at Yeshiva College, and though first impressions are supposed to register strongly, registration left us weak. There were so many things to be done; friends to be made, cards to be made out, club presidents to listen to, Freshman Orientation to cut. All that is clear about those early days is the war in Kor . . er . . some country in Asia and the four hundred students who were here with us.

Things were a little shaky at first. But human adjustment is a remarkable thing and by mid-October, the Days of Awe were over. The Seniors tossed a Smoker for us and Professor Young got a chance to give out Orientation marks. Those who came with chocolate cigarettes failed; those who aggressively demanded Chesterfields were considered sufficiently orientated to pass.



At the end of October, we experienced our first Fireside Chat and were severely disappointed. "Where's the fire," we mumbled as we staggered out of chilly, smoke-filled Riets Hall! Bierman and Weiss were so sure that they could remedy the situation that they stood for election as freshman officers and, upon being elected, were promptly sent out to chop wood. While we were waiting for the timber, we kept warm in the gym, beating the Juniors at basketball.

But things really got frigid in December when a Dean's Reception was held in Riets Hall and we weren't invited. Our anger at the Dean knew no bounds. Some have claimed that happenings like this spark enough anti-administration sentiment to develop future Commie editors but this has never been proven. What is certain, however, is that we were heard singing "I'm gonna wash that man right outa my hair" at every mention of the exclusive festivities. Our song prompted the school to set up a laundry in the old dorm, and our existence was justified. This happy event was followed closely on the heels of the granting of a Medical School Charter. Plans called for a 1952 opening and some of us wondered if we could get in under the Marshall Plan.

Just as we were beginning to think that college isn't so bad after all, finals broke out. Though we hated these "like the deadly bale," most of us studied and passed. Those who didn't, didn't.

As the second term opened, we felt we knew everything. We had already been exposed to the theory that the world is several billion years old, we knew that Fleisher thought there oughta be more English majors, and Rudoff was already a wheel on the Commie. Some of us were blasé enough to speculate whether the Medical School would really open in 1952. Being upper freshmen did things to us. So drunk with power were we when the second Dean's Reception of the year was opened to us, that we allowed Bierman to start tangling with the Administration.

Of course we didn't really know everything yet. For instance, some of us made the mistake of glancing at Fleisher's new book on Godwin and found ourselves holding autographed copies before we could say nyet. And then, we didn't get most of the "lines" in the Purim Commie. We understood the pictures, though, and to the misfortune of the editor, we weren't the only ones. Commie was scheduled to get an advisor and Rudoff thought that politics might be the coming thing, so he ran for soph president.

MacDonald, first ambassador to Israel, got the honorary degree at the Commencement that year and we watched eighty-five graduates heave a sigh of emancipation. We couldn't understand that. We were only commencing.

SOPHOMORE YEAR

Since hostilities were still in progress when we returned in September '51, the record enrollment didn't surprise us. But for the University to be competing with our sophomore heads for expansion honors was a little startling. The opening of the new high school dormitory across the street (separating the smokers of chocolate cigarettes from the Chesterfield addicts), and then the launching of the Medical School (set to open in 1953) caused quite a stir. For the latter event, Commie had its usual words of frowning reserve, despite having been stifled by a "faculty advisor" who, it was said, was gobbling up student freedom with ferocious appetite.

And then there was the Audio-Visual Department with Pleskin becoming head man. Some of us thought that this was a concession on the part of the administration. We wouldn't be allowed to write editorials anymore and in turn they wouldn't be allowed to make us use books . . . only moving pictures and feelm strips. But Fleisher returned from Paris and we knew progressive education wouldn't make it. Things got so bad that when the Dean's List was established, there were varying theories as to function and purpose.

But life was not without its compensations. TI students had the satisfaction of knowing that they could pick up a "third degree" (the much-coveted B.R.E.) if they remembered to take Fine Arts; the athletic teams were bolstered by managerial ap-

pointments (all they needed now was muscle) and the Co-op was painted. For those who wanted to sing there was Adler's Cantorial Workshop, and for those who couldn't there was the Choir. Those who wanted to pass German, wrestled with Maier and those who couldn't, didn't.

Pre-Med majors, meanwhile, were getting their thrills vicariously. This they did by reading public relations releases on the progress of the medical school, knowing people who went to dinners for the medical school, knowing Dr. H. Zimmerman who was slated to head the Medical School. Some even passed pushkas around Levine's chem class to help in Dr. Belkin's Million-a-Month Drive for the Medical School or was it for the Levine Award in Chem? Least expected of all, was the announcement that our pre-meds would be permitted to wear yarmulkas in the Medical School. Morduchowitz promptly threw his in the ring and became Soph veepee, replacing Weiss who had resigned.

Though we had been told that the administration was ready to use armed forces against us if we indulged in extra-curricular activities, Schwartz and Panitch showed that Yeshiva was still the "Home of the Brave" by their preparations to put on the above play which didn't come off. But it was also the home of the ignorant, as Litman had always claimed. A Commentator poll in December revealed that 48.7% of the student body didn't know who the president of the Student Council was. (Litman emphasized the metaphysical significance of the .7). And though Truman had derided "sleeping polls," the So. So. polled Yeshiva students and showed them to be a subdivision of the male sex.

To start off 1952, a "friendly" Dean's Reception was tossed up in the gym and Doc Hurwitz's daughter cast a magical spell over the odorous auditorium. Shortly afterwards, we decided to put the gym to more traditional uses and won the intramural basketball crown. Though the Dean's Reception aroused the usual Kulturkampf with Halon leading the friendless faction, culture was by no means dead among us, As early as October, Ori Schonthal had taken over the French Club. Shortly afterwards, Rudoff and Hoffer became Vice President and secretary of Gammo Rho Sigma. When

Schonthal became president of the new Alpha Omega Chapter of Pi Delta Phi, he declared that he would stand on his Omer beard. Deutch just stood for election of the lower Junior class. When he won, he sat down. April, Yeshiva's Calhoun, debated on and off the team and Hoffer was at the Russian Tea Room interviewing Shoshana Damari.

When tuition went up to eighteen dollars a credit at the beginning of the spring semester, math became the most popular major. Only those who could figure out how to make ends meet under the new rates passed. But math had been in the news before that year. The opening of the Graduate School in Mathematics had stimulated Litman to delve into the eternal triangle.

As the semester deepened into weeks, it was suddenly realized that the "campus" was still dirty and the clubrooms empty. To remedy the situation a Student Activities Committee (SAC) was formed, with Rosenak, as editor of You the Student, calling for school spirit. Litman responded in the spirit of vodka and Lessin in the spirit of Mussar. The YU Drive hoped to capitalize on the new "spirits" and set a goal of $3000. Pleskin pointed out that goals must be meaningful.

In May, Commentator elections were held behind closed doors (as usual). This year, however, only the brave "registrared" for positions, since the Purim issue had insulted an administrator who felt that the resemblance between himself and a certain Nulman B. Raverams of Shechita University was not coincidental. However Hoffer and Rosenak rose to the occasion and accepted news editorships. Dave Levey became feature editor but served only from June to September. On the political front, Balsam and Hecht became president and vice-president of the Juniors to-be. But we all needed a vacation first. Never would camp capers feel so good nor would it ever be easier to "wait" at hotels for the coming year.

JUNIOR YEAR

A record 505 students walked into Yeshiva with us that September and sought to counter the pre-hydrogen age social disintegration by synthesis. We were Juniors and just to show how grown-up we were, Seagull upped and got engaged. Levine, having amassed a huge fortune in college basketball play, followed suit.

Actually we had more important things to worry about. For one thing Eisenhower looked like a sure thing and we stood 16-1 for Stevenson, according to Commie. Then the Women's Organization had condemned Stern's food as lacking in eye appeal. We tried Harry and Morris but found it lacking in stomach appeal.

The Republicans won but isolationism didn't reach Yeshiva which developed international troubles. A war broke out between Amsterdam Ave., last door to your right and German's Maier. The latter tried to hold the door open for his teaching job but the last door to your right held

all the cards and Maier left. At the time Yeshiva refused to recognize Delta Phi Alpha, an honorary German Society, and Yeshiva students were made to pay the Prijs. To further vex matters, the office decided that double hours were unsound educational practices, except when practiced by unsound educators.

Relations with French were fortunately more peaceful. Shonthal shaved off his Omer beard and accepted the "revelation" when he became president of Cercle Francais again, while Dobrinsky promised not to see any more French movies if he might be permitted to be an editor of Le Flambeau.

In the Israeli corner, Reiner formed the Israeli Philatelic Society and began to patiently wait for a stamp with Churgin's picture on it, inaugurating the latter's presidency of the new Bar-Ilan University. Churgin, in the meantime, was appealing to the women's vote by establishing the Teacher's Institute for Women.

April was debating in style out in Oregon while holding the team's purse-strings. In New York Chick Baker had agreed to direct athletics, after hearing of Holstein's soccer stunts.

If the preceeding sounds hectic, it was not enough to ruffle Balsam, Hecht, Schwartz and Zimmer who made straight A averages. Balsam hinted at the secret of his success when he addressed Eranos on "Leisure Time in Ancient Rome."

But ancient Rome was one thing and Wouk, who was teaching Homiletics now, began to raise Caine about the pagan ways of Yeshivaites. Dean Sar, taking his cue, announced that minyan attendance would in the future be regulated with greater stringency by the *yeshiva shel mato,* and that those who didn't conform would have to bunk elsewhere.

This mass of earthy and spiritual problems started a desperate search for solutions. At first, a guidance meeting was held but this proved ineffective so a scapegoat was sought and duly found. On Purim, Danish Bagel received a royal hanging and Rudoff, who had just become associate editor, was seen washing his hands repeatedly. Of course, the hanging had to be postponed until after the Semicha Convocation. The eighty-three rabbis had expressed their opposition to the hanging on the grounds that Danish could recite the *Krishma* backwards.

Nor was Danish unsung by other groups. Charles Shiff started the orchestra again which played Tisha B'Av tunes for the absence of the traditional Purim Chagiga.

When Schachter and Goodman became Upper Junior class officers, it was definitely time for a change. They promised synthesis. In fulfillment of this platform, Hoffer came a half-hour late to meet Golda Meyerson, Nissenbaum wrote an article

on slides in a scientific journal and Hecht talked for Yeshiva at a national IRS confab.

As the year drew to a close, the school was singing the anniversary song. Commie celebrated its eighteenth and Yeshiva's twenty-fifth with an eighteen page issue. Levine got married, and Wagner got engaged. As a wedding present, Sarachek, who became the head of athletics, presented Levine with the co-captainship of the team.

When elections came around this time, the thought that we would be leaders of the school when next we would meet, caused many a pause in campaign speeches. Our realization of this sober fact deepened with Balsam's election as Student Council prexy.

On Commentator, where a new phone had been installed to transform us to modern Cyranos, Rudoff was fitted for editorial boots. Rosenak, who had just lost another election, became associate editor while Bomzer did Circulation. While the latter had intended to charge a nickel for Commie, Dr. Belkin's plea that he refrain from doing so in honor of his tenth anniversary as president, saved us money.

Just as we were preparing to leave for the summer, the Dean left. It made for big Commie headlines and almost obscured Impy's honorary degree. We didn't know who would guide Yeshiva College's destinies when we would return in September but we knew one thing. We would return. After all, didn't seniors make the world go round?

SENIOR YEAR

The mixed feelings of joy and jitter that we experienced upon walking into the hallowed halls of Yeshiva for the last year can be directly attributed to the fact that we knew we would leave our greenish ivory tower in less than a year. It was somewhat frightening to contemplate that soon we would actually have to earn a living, and only our occupation with the higher eschelons and the gaping admiration of lower classmen kept us from nervous breakdowns.

But things were popping too fast for us to sit down and think. Simeon L. Guterman had been appointed as acting Dean and was soon reported to be acting like the old dean. A never ending stream of Student Council leaders, Commie editors, and viceroys were seen going into the office and coming out burnt. It was only after the Alumni-senior reception for Dr. Guterman that things calmed down. Hecht, who was senior prexy, had been told by the alumni head, that it wouldn't be too long before he would be chief alumnus and this statement had a pacifying effect.

That is not to say that the year was to be a quiet one. The Dean appointed ten new faculty committees and they made a lot of noise. Then

there was the Medical School and Albert Einstein for whom it had been named. And finally Rudoff went on the Kate Smith show and declared that men must be bosses in the home. That got his lady relatives pretty sore. But apparently Bierman and Bramson didn't believe in male supremacy or if they did they successfully hid their belief long enough to win the hands of their *knegdos*.

The philosopher who said that the last year of education should be devoted to political training had many adherents among us. Balsam, Hecht and Knoll on Student Council made every effort to do what was politic; Reichman, Talansky and Siff in the SOY accused Rudoff and Rosenak of violating tradition by making Commie too polite and Wildes was threatening to have his Sociological Society make a survey of the whole thing. Hoffer and his Pre-Meds promised to care for the casualties. But if we were to be so active in school, it was because it was dangerous to go outside. Vandalism swept the neighborhood, and though Tokayer wanted to enlist his fencers to remedy the situation, he was persuaded to limit himself to a saber dance. Finally a policeman was assigned to the area and Schachter ventured a trip down to the World of Sholom Aleichem.

The iron curtain really fell when Hecht and Rudoff, who represented the USSR at an IRS model UN, disclosed that the iron curtain was a capitalistic lie. After that, we had no qualms about leaving the building. As a matter of fact it became judicious to do so; it was the only way to avoid Hoffer, who was cornering everyone to write stories and checks for MASMID.

In December, Stevenson became a YU alumnus and though he warned that the warfare between science and religion had left a "great split in the mind of twentieth century man," Dr. Levine disagreed. His findings showed that the present-day Yeshiva student wasn't troubled by the "philosophical arguments of reason, secularism, and religion." The University apparently agreed with Stevenson because the Psychological Clinic was made a separate department. Wildes threatened to make a survey but since he was busy with the Student Guidebook, SAC, MASMID, and the College Office, nothing came of it.

Needless to say the art of surveying minyan attendance was still a cause of religious and secular controversy among men of reason, especially when minyan attendance was taken over by the registrars. Some called this a violation of freedom of religion and everybody got up a little earlier. The bellicose state of affairs might have gotten out of hand, had not Norman Thomas urged us to disarm at an IRS assembly. That put things back into their right perspective and Schachter didn't even remember to mention it to a radio audience, pointing out that the real significance of 1954 was the possibility that Yeshiva would beat Brooklyn.

CLASS OF 1954

Dr. Belkin, meanwhile, was addressing the student body and pointing out that Yeshiva stands for synthesis and that minyan stands on the Shulchan Oruch. Those who disagreed left early accompanied by military friends. Kramer, who had set a goal of five thousand dollars for the YU drive, agreed with a remark of Dr. Belkin's that expansion meant more money. He was left early.

The overall situation was so hectic that the Purim announcement that Chatterman had replaced Legissacovitch as premier of the Republic of Un-Synthesised Students was not unexpected. But the proclamation of a Women's Republic on 34th Street by Dr. Belkin re-affirmed our faith in Synthesis.

However, we were rapidly reaching a point of no return and the engagements of Heimowitz and Schwartz gave further indications of our nearing divorce from undergraduate studies. Before concentrating exclusively on the future, we permitted ourselves a glance back. We surveyed the term papers, the meals at Harry and Morris, the incompletes, the philosophical arguments, and the basketball games. It had cost a lot of sweat and we had even lost two pints of blood to the Red Cross. If our heads had grown somewhat, it could be attributed to greater knowledge; if we were short-winded it was the Chesterfields. All in all, we felt, as we listened to the commencement speeches that, had we kept our hair, we would have been as good as new.

FRED ACKERMAN
NORMAN ALPERT
SAMUEL APRIL
EMANUEL ARONOWSKY
IRVING ARONSON
CHARLES BAKER
JOEL BALSAM
RALPH BIERMAN
LOUIS BLANK
BENJAMIN BLECH
MURRAY BOMZER
SAMUEL BRAMSON
WALLACE CHAMEDES
JEROME CHERVIN
MELVIN COHEN
SOLEYMAN DAYAN
ALBERT DIMONT
HERBERT DOBRINSKY
LABEL DULITZ
JAY FALK
EMANUEL FRANKEL
MAURICE GELDER
STANLEY GOLD
MARVIN GOLDISH
ARNOLD GOLDSTEIN
IRVING GOODMAN
ISAAC M. GOODMAN
SOLOMON GREENFIELD
HERMAN HALON
NEIL HECHT
AARON HEIMOWITZ
DONALD HEISLER
MELVIN HELLER
HENRY HENOCH
STANLEY HERMAN
JERRY HOCHBAUM
ALEXANDER HOFFER
JOSEPH HOLSTEIN
ZEV HYMOWITZ
SOLOMON KAHANE
RAPHAEL KESTENBAUM
ARNOLD KNOLL
CHARLES KORN
MURRAY KORN
ABRAHAM KRAMER
HERBERT KRYSTAL
ERNEST LAPP
MURRAY LEIFER
ALFRED LEIMAN
DAVID LEVEY
ELIHU LEVINE
JONAH MANN
BERNARD MARKOWITZ
ABRAHAM MORDUCHOWITZ
ABRAHAM MORHAIM
SEYMOUR MOSKOWITZ
MORTON NARROWE
OTTO NEWMAN
GERALD NISSENBAUM
HERBERT PANITCH
MORRIS RAPOPORT
MANFRED RECHTSCHAFFEN
RAFAEL REICHMAN
JACK REINER
BERNARD REISS
HERBERT RICHTMAN
MOSHE RIESE
MARVIN ROSEN
MICHAEL ROSENAK
NORMAN ROSENFELD

SHELDON RUDOFF
RALPH SAAL
OSCAR SCHACHTER
ELIHU SCHATZ
ORI SCHONTHAL
JUDAH SCHWARTZ
ARYEH SEAGULL
BENJAMIN SERUYA
HARRY SHIDLOVSKY
SHERMAN SIFF
YITZCHAK SLADOWSKY
JOEL SMILCHENSKY
SIGMOND SOBEL
BERNARD SOHN
LARRY STAIMAN
DAVID STERMAN
JESSE SUGARMAN
MORTON SUMMER
ISAAC SUNA
DAVID SUTTON
MORRIS TALANSKY
ALFRED THEE
NORMAN TOKAYER
GERALD TURK
JOSEPH URIVETSKY
JOSHUA WACHTFOGEL
MAX WAGNER
NORMAN WALLES
LEON WILDES
LEON WOOLF
JACOB ZEV
ERIC ZIMMER
MORRIS ZWANG

Undergraduates

SOPHOMORE CLASS
Front row—N. Linzer, E. Jaffe, I. Reiss, W. Walter, M. Berger, M. Wertheimer.
Back row—D. Zweibel, H. Gross, W. Altham, H. Eisenstadt.

JUNIOR CLASS
Front row—M. Richter, I. Pechman, M. Weisenberg, J. Harris, R. Schuchalter, F. Pearlmutter, E. Horn, S. Steinberg.
Middle row—A. Krochmal, E. Lauer, H. Hartman, W. Kotkes, A. Cohen, M. Galinsky, E. Philips, M. Parilman, W. Hulkower.
Back row—H. Lerner, M. Schnall, G. Davidoff, H. Spear, A. Borow.

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The Commen

Official Undergraduate Newspaper of

VOLUME XXXIX NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 1954

"Scoops" and "On the Spot" Reports Give Yeshiva "Complete Coverage

Led by editor-in-chief Sheldon Rudoff and working with a policy of "constructive criticism" the *Commentator* staff discussed a wide range of school affairs in its editorial columns, often giving vent to the underlying philosophy of its governing board. Opening with a reminder to the incoming students of their responsibilities to the American Jewish Community, the editors in succeeding issues discussed instances and solutions to student-administration difficulties. They commended the new faculty committee system though cautioning against its becoming "another manifestation of bureaucracy;" they scored the administration for a recurrent policy of uniteral action in problems that concerned both students and administration, and devoted several editorials to reiterating, to the apparently deaf ears of several faculty members, that the college has no official grade policy, but that every instructor is "a king in his own classroom."

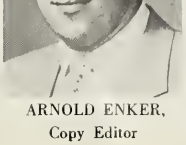
The *Commentator* edits hailed Dr. Belkin's informal meeting with the student body last January and pleaded for future meetings of this sort; for seminars, discussion groups, etc. to "guide us toward a better understanding of Judaism." While this plea apparently went unheeded, *Commentator* took the occasion of its twentieth birthday to redefine and clarify its ideal of supporting a free and rigorous student government.

The editors also campaigned for professional guidance counsellors; at the announcement of the opening of a women's college the editors called for consolidation of the university's recent gains; for more active student participation in club hour, for improvement of the facilities in the college library and for several student projects such as the charity and blood drives.

The manpower problem which plagued *Commentator* in the past was solved this year by expansion of the Governing Board and the creation of an Associate Board to serve as a training ground for future G.B. members. The associate staff also consists of several posts, such as Circulation Manager, which formally made up the Managing Board which was abolished in January.

The new set up boasts an eight man Governing Board which included for the first time, the feature and copy editors. This group determines the editorial policy of the paper at an editorial meeting held at midnight (the witching hour) on press night. The Associate Board also attends these meetings.

HENRY KRESSEL,
Feature Editor



ARNOLD ENKER,
Copy Editor

Statistics

The Commentator appeared 13 times during the school year with four of the editions containing six pages.

Due to rising printing costs *Commentator* had difficulty getting settled. While its readers may not have noticed it, the paper changed printers three times until it finally settled, at the beginning of the spring semester, on its present publishing house, Stonehill Press.

The publishing cost of an average four page issue is about 11c a copy, but due to Student Council appropriation, Alumni subscription and advertisements, *The Commentator* is made available free of charge to College students.

Inside Y.U., Outside Y.U., All Arou Spotlights Alumni, Israel, Tells of H College, Stern's Food, Zionism and

Commentator features tried to strike a balance between the light and serious, between subjects of school and general interests. An innovation in the feature pages was "Spotlight on . . . ," a series in which two full pages were devoted to one subject. In the first semester *Commentator* ran a "Spotlight on Israel," which described the ties of Yeshiva, its faculty, students and alumni with the Jewish homeland. It contained stories on Bar-Ilan University, on the Sura Institute and on Marv Hershkowitz's (Yeshiva hoop star) experiences as a member of the American contingent at the Israeli Maccabiah. It also featured a letter from Danny Boncheck, one of the ten T.I. students studying in Israel under a Jewish Agency scholarship and a stirring memorial on the "Chazon Ish."

The second in this series spotlighted the college alumni as an organization and as individuals. This project described the diversified fields in which the alumni have been successful; the projects of the Y.C.A.A. and the reactions of several alumni who are employed by Y.U. An interesting part of this feature was an article bringing back into the spotlight the first Student Council president, and Commentator and Masmid editors.

Twice during the year *Commentator* felt its duty to sidestep comment on school problems to editorialize on matters of world-wide and Jewish interest. In an editorial (A Foolish Gesture), the editors condemned the picketing of the Israeli Consulate building by many Orthodox rabbis and theological students as "a circus conducted in the name of Orthodoxy."

Interviews with leaders of the Mizrachi, Hapo Hamizrachi, and other organizations aimed at quainting Y.C. students with their activities and p ticularly with the burning issue of conscription women in Israel, were given considerable pl *Commentator* did a great service in recording t statements made by Dr. Belkin on questions put him at an informal meeting in January.

Interviews with the Sing-Sing chaplain who plained the sabbath factor in the Rosenberg ca Argentinian Chief Rabbi Amnum Baim and Lo Levine, Y.U. Treasurer also appeared.

"Commie" Sports Page Covering Banner Yea

This was a banner decked year for sports at Yesh and sports coverage in the Commentator. "Comm introduced the basketball season with an article the players and followed Abe Sodden on his reco smashing way. The exploits of other squads we introduced and reported. As usual, at the conc sion of each season, complete individual and tea statistics were printed.

The ever popular "On the Sidelines" colum written by sports scribe Bernie Hoenig continu on its successful way as its contents ranged fro complimenting the Dean on his attendance at bask ball games to a comical description of the tem team and criticism of the organization of a boxi

tator
Yeshiva College

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FINAL EDITION

'53-'54 Commentator Pursues Policy Of Clear-Cut Constructive Criticism

Through several scoops and "on the spot" news coverage, the diversified activities of Yeshiva U. were mirrored in the news columns of the *Commentator*. Appearing, for the first time, four days after the school year began, Issue #1 of *Commie* carried a full report on the appointment of Dr. S. L. Guterman as dean of the college and an exclusive interview with him.

The Commentator was the first newspaper to break the news that Adlai E. Stevenson would be honored by Yeshiva; and "scooped" its journalistic "rivals" with a picture of the building to house the Stern College for Women. Alert coverage was also revealed by carrying the story of the dedication of the Einstein Medical College on the same day as the city dailies and by a report of the results of Student Council elections the morning after the polls closed.

DRIVES RATE SPACE

The usual full coverage was afforded to student activities. The Yeshiva University charity and blood drives, the Purim and Chanuka chagigas, the activities of the Debating Society, the attempts of Student Council to improve the food situation and the Dean's Reception received front page coverage. In addition, the activities of the clubs were reported through a new column labeled "Club Notes."

The "big" stories including the "Stevenson Story," the opening of a women's college and the election of Max Etra to the chairmanship of the University's Board of Trustees, occupied lead story space. A report of the speech of Norman Thomas at a college assembly, and James Wechsler's appearance at an I.R.S. meeting also received "top billing."

VANDALS IN N. Y.

Earlier in the year the *Commentator* kept its readers posted on the efforts of the Washington Heights community to curb outbreaks of vandalism including several instances in which Y.U. students were victims, and "*Commie*" closed its thirty-ninth volume with a report of the results of the *Commentator* elections — leaving a staff well qualified to carry on the important task of alert news coverage.

In the spirit of festivity which always marks the Purim season at Yeshiva, *Commie* parodied Y.U. as the Boorish University in the totalitarian society of R.U.S.S. (Republic of Un Synthesized Students) run by the all-powerful "Big Brother."

d the Town, Commie rm Foods, Stern's ust Some Fun Too

On the lighter side, the satirical pen of several scribes *humoresqued* the Y.U. Ice-Skating Club, faculty committes and the girls' college. One writer complained about the comparatively low alcohol consumption at Y.U. while another deplored the snobbish airs of Y.U. students at a popular mid-town restaurant.

A new feature "Campus Capers" brought into play "shinanigans" at other college campuses.

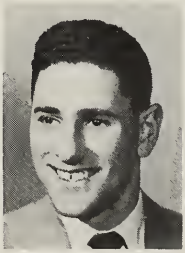
An interesting article on the occasion of the commencement of Commentator's 20th year, described the first issue published in March, 1935.

eatures Popular Columns Activities in Banner Style

club at Yeshiva.

A new series of articles written under the title of "Sport Light" took the reader behind the scenes of Yeshiva sports and presented the individuals who work on the administrative end of the athletic activities.

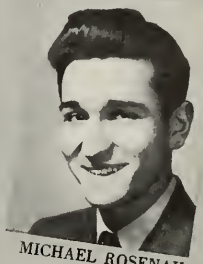
The Commentator also heralded the appointment of the new director of athletics, Bernie "Red" Sarachek and presented his plans for the year. At the conclusion of the year, the annual Athletic Association Awards Dinner was held and "Commie" announced the news that famous basketball coach Nat Holman would be the guest speaker.



BERNARD HOENIG,
Sports Editor

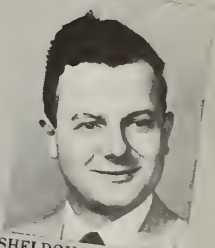
IRWIN PECHMAN,
Business Manager

SHELDON RUDOFF,
Editor-In-Chief



MICHAEL ROSENAK,
Associate Editor

FISHEL PEARLMUTTER,
Managing Editor



SHELDON KORNBLUTH,
News Editor

JOEL BALSAM, President

SEYMOUR ESSROG, Vice-President

HOWARD SPEAR, Secretary-Treasurer

Student Council

The year 1953-1954 was one of expansion for our university. In rapid succession we heard announcements concerning the Einstein College of Medicine and the Stern College for Women. In such an atmosphere it was only natural for Student Council to be aware of added responsibility and likewise to expand its functions.

In its relations with the Administration, Student Council succeeded in settling the three serious cases of conflict with a minimum of publicity. The first involved the suspension and expulsion of students who violated certain university regulations; the second concerned several directives that Council felt would intimidate instructors to ration grades; the third involved an attempt to take vending machines out of student hands. Each of these cases was a flagrant encroachment on student rights and could, as has happened in past years, have led to an undesirable flareup. Fortunately they were settled without such a flareup.

Student Council and the Commentator worked together to a degree that should set an excellent precedent for future years. In all instances, including the three above-mentioned cases, our Executive Council and Commentator's Governing Board worked hand in hand in planning strategy. Before editorializing we attempted to solve a problem quietly. The alumnus advisory set-up proved workable despite earlier fears to the contrary. Council whenever necessary, exercised its power of overruling the advisor. The President of Student Council wrote a regular column in The Commentator.

One of Student Council's major concerns was the improvement of living conditions within the University. The Student Building Committee was formed for this purpose. Through its efforts, the fourth floor of the college building was kept open at night, as were Riets Hall and Dorm Social Hall; the Pollack Library was kept open until 10:30 p.m.; electric driers were installed in the lavatories. Yet far more important than these individual items is the effective system of communication that was set up between Student Council and the maintenance staff. The key to this system of communications has been Mr. Louis Levine, Chairman of the House Committee, who has won the respect of the student body by giving his full cooperation to student leaders when they attempted to secure immediate building repairs. A Food Committee was formed which succeeded in securing a more sanitary College Luncheonette and pressed for better food in the College Cafeteria. The aid of the Women's Organization was enlisted in this project.

The Student Activities Committee did an outstanding job this year. First, they co-ordinated the new club hour and saw it through its first year. Ten new clubs were formed, making a total of eighteen clubs under their supervision. Secondly, they ran an efficient system of bulletin boards. Finally, they published the Yeshiva University Student Guidebook. President Belkin was sufficiently impressed with this project to agree to have the University pay the entire cost of publication.

The Senior Guidance Council was formed. Volunteers from this year's Junior Class were trained to begin working with incoming freshmen next year, their senior year.

The Co-op Stores were completely revamped. A governing board was set up to provide for better co-ordination between the stores and to insure the continuous succession of capable managers. The Secretary-Treasurer served as a member of this governing board and was responsible for Council's supervision of the stores. Student Council negotiated with the Administration and secured permission for the opening of the Co-op Canteen. Arrangements were made to enlarge the Main Store over the summer, making possible the consolidation of all of the stores. Such consolidation will enable Co-op to remain open daily for four or five hours.

This year Student Council attempted an experiment that worked very successfully. It's objective was to have members of the student body participate in administering Student Council functions. Often, only the head of a committee would be a member of Council, having the authority to appoint other members of his committee from the general student body; usually he selected them from his class. The Freshman Class, this year, exhibited an unusual amount of school spirit, volunteering a week of service in the Pollack Library. They also held the school's first Freshman Frolic.

Frequent meetings were held between the president of SOY and the TI Council and the president of Student Council. Many of S.C.'s reports on university matters were submitted to the administration in the joint name of all three organizations.

Mentioned thus far were the expanded functions and responsibilities of Student Council. In addition, of course, Council this year continued the many services that have become a permanent part of student government: the YU Charity Drive, the Blood Drive, The Used Book Exchange, the Dean's Reception, the Freshman-Senior Smoker, the Senior Diner, and the Senior rings and service awards.

The members of Student Council were:
Joel Balsam, president; Seymour Essrog, vice-president; Howard Spear, secretary-treasurer.
Freshmen: Nathan Lewin, president; Arnold Silverberg, vice-president.
Sophomores: Yakov Jaffe, president; Judah Klein, vice-president.
Juniors: Judah Harris, president; Manuel Gold, vice-president.
Lower Seniors: Joseph Hershenov, president; Seymour Greenfield, vice-president.
Seniors: Neil Hecht, president; Arnold Knoll, vice-president.

STUDENT COUNCIL
Front row—I. Goodman, S. Essrog, J. Balsam, H. Spear, A. Knoff. (Neil Hecht)
Back row—A. Silverberg, N. Lewis, J. Harris, Y. Jaffe.

Co-op has again completed a successful year, both in the service that it has offered the student body and the funds that it gave to Student Council. The items sold ranged from lead pencils to television sets and rotisseries. The Concert Bureau again provided tickets to Broadway shows and sold all types of phonograph records. The Bookstore expanded its stock of pocket-size books and continued to supply text books to the student body.

While the above facts would indicate that this was "just another year" for Co-op, actually many fundamental changes were made.

A governing board was set up to decide major questions of policy. Serving on this board were the three store managers, two alumnus advisors, and a Student Council representative.

The Co-op canteen was established, open for 24 hour service. Candy, ice-cream, soda, and juice machines were acquired, filled by staff members.

Arrangements were made with the Administration for breaking down the wall of the Main Store to allow for the consolidation of the three stores and their staffs. This will enable Co-op to remain open for a greater number of hours.

The managers were: George Ribowsky '56, Main Store; Chester Berschling '55, Book Store; Herbert Lubowsky '57, Concert Bureau. The Advisors on the staff were: Morton Richter '55 and Harry Shidlovsky '54 who were last year's managers.

Debating Society

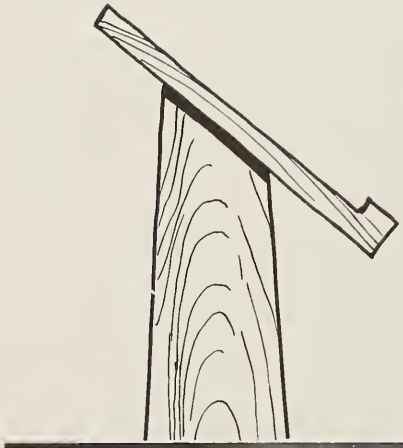
THE YESHIVA COLLEGE Debating Society has again completed another year as one of Yeshiva's most active and successful societies. As in previous years the society served the University in a three-fold manner. First, it provided more than twenty students with the opportunity to perfect their speaking ability, enabling them to acquire the poise and confidence that no college course can give. Secondly, it provided these students with a valuable source of recreation and companionship. Finally, the society continued to spread the name and reputation of the University to the many colleges that we debated.

The 1953-1954 debating season was a fairly successful one. Our teams went to Boston, Philadelphia, the Hudson River Valley, and the Baltimore-Washington area, compiling a tour record of nine wins, seven defeats and four draws. Yeshiva helped form the Metropolitan Inter-Collegiate Debate Council League and participated in its initial season. We also took part in the Tau Kappa Alpha Forensic Honor Fraternity tournament.

This year marked the Society's twentieth anniversary, and a dinner was held to commemorate the occasion. Dr. David Fleisher, faculty advisor, was honored for his ten years of service to the society.

The varsity's debaters were: Fishel Pearlmutter '55, president; Joseph Kaplan '56, secretary; Eli Lauer '55, treasurer; Morton Gefter '55, general manager; Jack Heller '56, campus manager; Samuel April '54, Neilt Hecht '54, and Joel Balsam '54.

The pre-varsity squad was especially active this year, holding many inter-collegiate debates. Its membership comprised: Judah Harris '55, president; Paul Kolker '57, secretary; Josef Fischer '57, manager; Daniel Chill '57, Nahum Gordon '57, Arnold Enker '55, George Siegel '57, Aaron Borow '55, Murray Bomzer '54, Herbert Gross '56, Stanley Schimmel '57, and Judah Klein '56.



DEBATING SOCIETY
Front row—J. Heller, M. Gefter, F. Pearlmutter, Dr. D. Fleischer, J. Kaplan, E. Lauer.
Back row—J. Balsam, J. Fischer, J. Harris, P. Kolker, S. April. (Neil Hecht)

Sociology Society

The twofold aim of the Sociological Society was the encouragement of student self-expression and the contribution of informative material to the field of sociology. The year's program of forum discussions, guest lectures, films and student-led discussions was supplemented by a questionnaire study of the role of the Orthodox Rabbi in the American Jewish Community. The survey covered the majority of the members of the Rabbinical Council of America and its results stressed the average rabbi's need for some background in sociology and other social sciences for the fullest pursuit of his community work.

The season's activities were highlighted by several programs which attracted the interest of a large part of the student body. The first of these was a film and panel discussion entitled "Discrimination in Employment" in which Professor Nathan Goldberg, Dr. Emanuel Rackman, and a representative of the New York State Commission Against Discrimination participated. The programs also included a panel discussion on Zionism with representatives of the Hunter College Hillel Foundation and a discussion led by Dr. Joseph Kaminetsky, Executive Director of Torah Umesorah entitled "The Hebrew Day School outside of New York City."

SOCIOLOGICAL SOCIETY
Front row—L. Woolf, S. Dayan, S. Siff, L. Wildes, Prof. N. Goldberg, M. Goldish, J. Schreiber, J. Balsam, M. Parilman.
Middle row—E. Jaffe, E. Frankel, N. Tokayer, A. Heimowitz, S. Sobel, H. Schulberg, S. Weinberger, M. Suna, D. Hammer, M. Richter.
Back row—J. Seavey, W. Kotkes, M. Schnall, H. Lerner, J. Polansky.

Social events and theater parties provided recreation for club members while others found adequate opportunity for expression in the informative student-led discussions which were conducted during club period.

The officers were Leon Wildes '54, president; Marvin Goldish '54, vice-president; and Sherman Siff, '54, secretary. Professor Nathan Goldberg served as faculty advisor.

Psychology Club

The Psychological Society had two objectives in planning this year's program. First, to continue efforts to establish at Yeshiva a chapter of Psi Chi, the national honorary fraternity; and second, to continue having interesting lecturers address its members.

Concerning the first objective, the decision of the fraternity council is expected early next term. Under the able guidance of our faculty advisor, Dr. Helmut Adler, the Psychological Society's gatherings were enlightened by stimulating lectures on various aspects of psychological work. Dr. Boris Levinson, director of the Psychological Clinic at Yeshiva University, spoke on "The Tests Used By Clinical Psychoolgists," and offered the Society's members the opportunity of gaining valuable experience by helping in the Clinic. Dr. Adler lectured on "New Developments in the Study of Visual Purple." The final lecture was given by Dr. H. Bonner, professor of psychology at Ohio Wesleyan University, who spoke on "The View of Social Psychology Toward the Problem of Mental Disorders."

The officers of the Society were: Leon Green '55, president; Boaz Kahane '55, vice-president; and Joel Green '55, secretary.

PSYCHOLOGY CLUB
Front row—M. Green, N. Alpert, B. Kahane, L. Green, M. Teitelbaum, M. Reise.
Back row—M. Berger, M. Stadtmauer, R. Bierman, M. Schulberg, S. Sobel, M. Rechtshaffen, J. Nordlicht, B. Reiss.

I.R.S.

The International Relations Society, in the twenty-first year of its existence, continued its function of acquainting the student body with important national and international problems. This was carried out by a threefold program: presenting outstanding guest speakers both at school assemblies and at informal group lectures; attending intercollegiate conferences; and distributing pertinent literature to members.

This year we attended the Model Trusteeship Council at Fordham University, where Neil Hecht and Sheldon Rudoff representing Russia were selected as the best informed delegation. The topic discussed was "The Participation of Indigenous Inhabitants in Their Territorial Government." The society also sent a large delegation to the first national conference of International Relations Clubs, held at Hunter College and discussed the question "Why the United Nations?"

The I.R.S. presented Mr. Norman Thomas, who discussed "International Disarmament," at a school assembly. Our faculty advisor Dr. Aaron M. Margolith, professor of political science, having returned from an extensive tour of Israel last summer, lectured on "Present Problems In Israel," and James Wechsler, editor of the New York Post, delivered a heated address on "McCarthyism." For the first time in its history the I.R.S. sponsored an intramural model United Nations conference. The topic discussed was "The Admission of Communist China to the U.N."

The officers were: Neil Hecht '54, president; Sheldon Rudoff '54, vice-president; and Jacob Heller '56, secretary-treasurer.

IRS
Front row—H. Richtman, E. Lapp, P. Kolker, O. Goodman, S. Rudoff, Dr. A. Margalith, J. Balsam, H. Spear, C. Davidoff, S. Steinberg.
Middle row—I. Schertz, E. Fischaut, M. Richter, B. Sohn, N. Alpert, M. Heller, J. Harris, J. Fischer, A. Scher, S. Schimmel.
Back row—W. Pruzansky, E. Lauer, M. Bomzer, O. Schonthal, L. Wohl, B. Liberman.

STUDENT GUIDEBOOK and S.A.C.
Front row—H. Schulberg, M. Schnall, L. Wildes, H. Lerner, M. Parilman, D. Hammer.
Back row—I. Aronson, W. Walter, A. Morduchowitz, G. Kaufman. E. Jaffe, J. Polansky.

SAC—Guidebook

The Student Activities Committee this year undertook an expanded program which included the administration of the club period, the publication of the Yeshiva University Student Guidebook, and the coordination of student extracurricular activities.

The club period, instituted this year in order to increase student participation in club activities, comprised eighteen active clubs, ten of which were newly formed. The program resulted in greatly increased participation in extracurricular activities. Guest lecturers, films, discussions and exhibitions highlighted the programs of the various clubs.

S.A.C. also undertook the publication of the first student published guidebook to Yeshiva University, which included information concerning school curriculum, regulations and activities as well as data pertinent to points of interest at school and in New York City. The project was so successful that the Administration agreed to finance it completely.

The Student Activities Committee: Leon Wildes '54, chairman; Aaron Borow '55, assistant chairman.

The Guidebook: Leon Wildes '54, editor; Arnold Enker '55 and Gerald Kaufman '57, associate editors.

GAMMA RHO SIGMA
Front row—H. Lerner, M. Schnall.
Back row—M. Richter, J. Harris, W. Kotkes, H. Hartman.

Israeli Philatelic Society

Since its founding in 1952, the Israeli Philatelic Society has outlined for itself many worthwhile projects. Among these is the comparison between Israeli and American commemoratives.

The Society is a chartered member of the Society of Israeli Philatelists, whose monthly pamphlets on Israeli stamps are distributed to club members.

Stamp enthusiasts ordering stamps directly from the Israeli government through the facilities of the Society have built up enviable modern Israeli collections.

The officers of the society were: Naftali Teitelbaum '56, president and Alvin Weisbrod '54, vice-president. Dr. Alexander Litman, professor of philosophy, served as faculty advisor.

Classical Societies

Eranos, the senior classical society of Yeshiva College, once again sponsored a series of monthly lectures designed for the general student body dealing with the contribution of the ancient civilizations to modern life. Dr. Simeon Guterman lectured on "Religious Toleration in Roman Times" and Dr. Alexander Litman spoke on "Some Philosophic Reflections on Aeschylus and Sophocles."

Eranos also invited several outstanding students of the Classical Languages Department to address its members. The lectures were entitled "The Difficulties In Learning a Language" and "Word Borrowings—From Language to Language."

The officers of Eranos were: Milton Freudlich '55, president; Moshe Reise '54, vice-president; and Judah Harris '55, secretary.

Gamma Rho Sigma, the sister organization of Eranos, is devoted to the advancement and promulgation of classical ideas and interests throughout the school. It maintains a large collection of pictorial material on the classical period, and this material is used in conjunction with Eranos in its lectures by means of slide exhibitions.

This year, the three bulletin-board displays were "Spotlight on Persopolis," "Roman Remains in Provence," and "A History of Pharmacy in Pictures."

Serving in his usual capacity as advisor of these groups was Dr. Bernard Floch, Professor of Greek and Latin. The officers for the year were Herbert J. Lerner '55, president; Judah Harris '55, vice-president; and Marvin Scnall '55, secretary.

Eta Sigma Phi, the honorary classical fraternity had another successful year. Highlighted in the years activities was the elaborate initiation of the new pledgees.

Jewish Philosophy Society

The purpose with which the Jewish Philosophy and Ethics Society was founded, to study all pertinent facets of human knowledge from the viewpoint of traditional Jewish opinion, was well borne out by the wide range of topics that were discussed during the society's first year. Rabbi Nathan Bulman opened the year with a lecture on "Anthropology and the Chosen People Concept." Rabbi Leonard Rosenfeld addressed the society on "The Idea of Kedusha in Judaism." Mr. Jacob Dienstag spoke on "A Guide to Jewish Philosophy."

Mr. Aaron Seigman lectured on "Psychoanalysis and Religion." Rabbi Asher Siev discussed "The Attitude of Rabbi Moses Isserles to Secular and Religious Philosophy." Dr. Michael Wyschogrod delivered a lecture entitled "Jewish Existentialism."

The society also participated in a forum with the Biology club on the topic "Evolution and Religion."

Officers of the society were Morton Summer '54, president; Morris Talansky '54, vice president; and Marvin Sugarman '54, secretary.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS and LE FLAMBEAU
Front row—M. Krochmal, O. Schonthal, S. Sugolowsky, H. Dobrinsky, N. Ratzenstein.
Back row—H. Wolf, H. Kressel, S. Essrog, J. Friedman, A. Asher.

Deutscher Verein

The Deutscher Verein, under the guidance of Ralph Rosenberg, Professor of German, entered the field of lecture presentations and discussions on German-Jewish relations with a talk by Dr. Hyman Grinstein on "Early German-Jewish Literature in America." As in the past, Dr. Nathan Sisskind of C.C.N.Y. discussed his unique theory of the "Origin of Yiddish," while Dr. Alexander Litman gave his annual lecture on "Goethe's Faust." Professor Rosenberg completed the series of lectures on "Goethe and the Jews," and was followed by other eminent personalities invited from our own faculty and from those of other institutions, who spoke on other informative and thought provoking subjects.

In keeping with custom, the year's activities were concluded with a rousing beer and pretzel party.

A piano was acquired by Professor Rosenberg and informal song sessions were held weekly.

The officers were: Simon Cohen '55, president; Alfred Thee '54, vice president; and Herzl Eisenstadt '56, secretary-treasurer.

Le Cercle Francais

The French Club and its associated societies have completed another year of varied activity under the guidance of Dr. Sidney David Braun, their faculty advisor.

The club conducted French conversational groups that met regularly with William G. Stern 56, and sponsored lectures by prominent scholars on French topics. A record of a play by Racine was purchased and additional purchases of French records were planned. In addition, a celebration was held in honor of the fifteenth anniversary of the club's activity at Yeshiva, which also marks the fifteenth year of Dr. Braun's service to the society. The officers were: Ori J. Schonthal '54, president; Joseph Levine '55, secretary; and Arthur Krochmal '55, treasurer.

Pi Delta Phi, the French honorary society established at Yeshiva in 1952, invited in conjunction with the French Club several interesting speakers and held a successful initiation program for new pledges. Theatre parties involving the more important French plays on Broadway were also held. The officers were: Herbert Dobrinsky '54, president; Jacob Etner '55, vice-president; Arthur Krochmal '55, honorary vice-president; and Irwin Haut '55, secretary-treasurer.

The Flambeau, Yeshiva's French magazine, comprising cultural articles, was published in June. Its editor was Joseph Sungolowsky '55. William Stern '56, was associate editor.

GERMAN CLUB (Deutscher Verein)
Front row—H. Eisenstadt, A. Thee, Dr. R. Rosenberg, S. Cohen, E. Frankel.
Back row—S. Jacobowitz, J. Weinberg, A. Morduchowitz, J. Kaufman.

Math Club

This year the Mathematics Society met weekly during the club period. Its lectures covered all branches of mathematics, ancient and modern. More than thirty students were members of the group and the average weekly attendance was about fifteen.

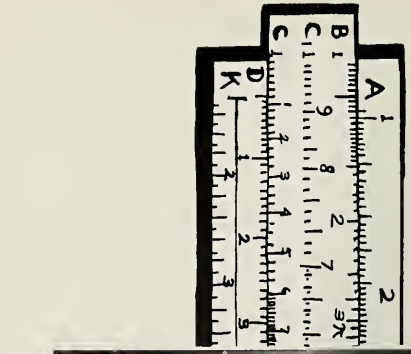
The activities of the society fell into three categories: First, general discussion sessions; Secondly, guest lecturers; and Finally, student lecturers. The general discussion sessions were related to the solution of problems posed by the members of the group and to the discussion of famous mathematical problems.

The five guest lecturers were Rabbi Azriel Rosenfeld who spoke on "The Logical Foundations of Arithmetic," Professor A. N. Lowan who spoke on "Problems in Maximum and Minimum," and Professors Jekuthiel Ginsberg, Henry Linsman and Daniel Block who also gave lectures.

Undergraduate lectures were: "Cantors Theory of Transfinite Numbers," "Some Problems in Combinational Theory," Harry Furstenberg; "Group Theory," Norman Rosenfeld; "Continued Fractions," Samuel Bramson: "Equi-Perimetric Rational Right Triangles," Jonah Mann: "Magic Squares," Eli Rosenthal; "Maxima and Minima Problems in Geometry," Ray Kestenbaum.

In addition to these activities, plans are being formulated for affiliation with a national mathematics association.

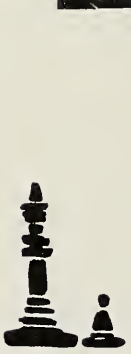
Norman Rosenfeld '54 served as President of the Society.

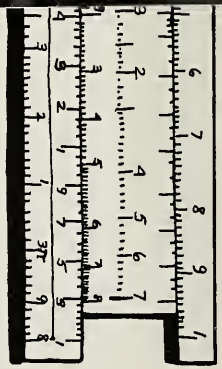


Chess Club

This year, the Chess and Checkers Culb attempted to revive the heretofore dormant chess and checker talent at Yeshiva. Meetings were held during the club periods every Thursday. during which the members parried each other across chess and checker boards. Instruction in the finer points of the games was given by William Fishman and Barnet Liberman in Chess and Samuel April in Checkers. Toward the end of the year, plans were made for the formation of a varsity chess team.

The officers of the club were: Melvin Cohen '54, president; Irving Pechman '55, vice-president.





Pre-Medical Society

The Pre-Medical Society had two objectives in planning its program for this year: first, to acquaint its members with the latest developments in the fields of medical education and research; secondly, to supply information to the "Pre-Meds" which might prove helpful in their attempt to gain admission to Medical School.

Doctor Bruno Z. Kish, Professor of Chemistry at Yeshiva College and world renowned cardiologist, spoke on "The Use Of The Electron Microscope in Heart Research" and Dr. Marcus D. Kogel, Dean of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine and former Commissioner of Hospitals, spoke on the plans for Yeshiva's medical school.

In round table discussions, Drs. Meyer Atlas and Eli Levine explained the pre-medical requirements for admission to various medical schools; and Drs. Simeon Guterman and David Fleisher and Mr. Sidney Pleskin joined in a panel on "The Liberal Arts Aspects of Pre-Medical Education." During nine consecutive club periods, a series of Flanagan Aptitude Classification Tests to determine aptitude for medicine, dentistry, biology and chemistry were given by Dr. Helmut Adler to Juniors and lower classmen.

Following the suggestion of the Pre-Medical Society, the Faculty Pre-Medical Committee held practice interviews for students planning to apply to medical schools the following year.

The Society reported on the various firms dealing with medical equipment. Also medical school catalogues were made available.

The Officers of the Society were: Alex Hoffer '54, president; Chester Berschling '55, vice-president; and Joseph Silver '55, secretary.

Biology Society

Although the original purpose of the Biology Society was to bring needed extra-curricular knowledge to biology students, it has added, since its inception this year, the further objective of enlightening the entire student body about the biological sciences.

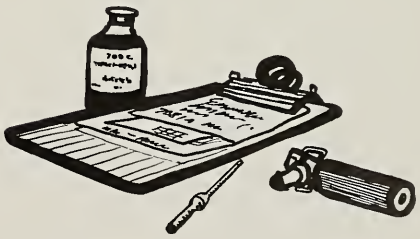
The Biology Society has tried to do more than just give its members lectures. It is unique at Yeshiva University in that it has given its members the opportunity to supplement their studies with practical scientific experience. The society was given permission by its faculty advisor, Dr. Meyer Atlas, to use the complete facilities of the Biology laboratory. A study of algae culture was begun by several members.

At a joint meeting with the Pre-Medical Society, Dr. Bruno Kisch, the eminent heart specialist, discussed his research work. At subsequent meetings students were invited to speak on subjects on which they had done outside readings. Dr. Helmut Adler of the Psychology Department lectured on "Some Recent Research in the Visual Field." A forum on "The Theory of Evolution" was held jointly with the Jewish Philosophy and Ethics Society.

The society hopes to institute some permanent research projects. In this manner it is hoped that enough material will be accumulated to enable it to ultimately publish a biological journal.

The officers of the society were Leon Green '55, president and Amnon Rosenthal '55, secretary.

BIOLOGY CLUB - PRE-MED SOCIETY
Front row—B. Sohn, F. Rosner, A. Hoffer, C. Berchling, G. Nissenbaum, H. Rosenberg.
Back row—L. Green, P. Kolker, J. Fischer, J. Miller, A. Scher, M. Adler.



DRAMATIC COACHING IN THE DORMITORY SOCIAL HALL

MUSIC CLUB MEETING IN RIETS HALL

Art Club

In the fall of 1953 Yeshiva College welcomed a new club; the Art Club. Working in conjunction with the Fine Arts courses given by Dr. Maurice Chernowitz the Art Club has as its goal the restoration of the esthetic values that were once a part of Jewish tradition.

Although still quite young the Art Club has held a number of successful events. Among these were a slide lecture by Dr. Chernowitz on the "Contribution of Jewish Artists to Modern Art," an oil painting exhibition by the noted artist Norman Raeben, and a slide lecture by Dr. Chernowitz on a "Survey of Modern Art."

In addition, bi-weekly drawing classes for beginners were instituted. During the month of May an exhibition of original drawings was held in the Gottesman Library.

The officers of the club were Harold Leibowitz '56, president and Dr. Maurice Chernowitz, advisor.

Dramatics Society

The Dramatics Society, a newly formed group, was designed to provide the student of Yeshiva with an outlet for his artistic ability. During the weekly club period plays were read, discussed, and criticized. With the aid of a tape recorder, radio plays were utilized to help the students express themselves more clearly and to teach them how to communicate their thoughts more forcefully.

This year a school production was planned but due to unforseen circumstances was dropped. It is hoped that next year the society will be able to arrange to run a school function.

The officers were: Louis Wohl '57, producer-director; Larry Teitell '57, production supervisor and stage scenery; Arnold Asher '57, publicity and business manager.

Music Clubs

A re-evaluation of the place of music in extra-curricular activities was attempted this year.

Charters were presented to the newly organized Choral Society, Music Club, and Orchestra. The choral group performed at several Y.U. Women's Organization affairs, two Synagogue benefits, the Dean's Reception, and at the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations' banquet.

"Music Festival" is being planned for early next spring to be held in Lamport Auditorium and open to the general public.

The officers of the Choral Society were:
Joseph Levine '55, president
Eliezer Jaffe '56, secretary
Yakov Jaffe '56, campus manager

The officers of the Music Club were: Isaac Goodman '54, president and Abraham Morduchowitz '54, vice-president

S.D.A.

In its first year of existence, S.D.A. attempted, through discussions and with the aid of noted guest speakers, to arrive at conclusions concerning pressing political issues and then to put these ideas to work by means of activities such as letter-writing and participation in pre-election campaigns.

S.D.A. is a liberal, anti-Communist group, composed of students who are interested in political education and action, and is affiliated with the Americans For Democratic Action.

Officers of the club were: Oscar Schachter '54, president; Arnold Enker '55, vice-president; and Fred Horowitz '55, secretary.

Blood Drive

The Y.U. Blood Committee conducted its second annual drive and amassed a total of 155 pints of blood. This represented 28 per cent of the student body and won for Yeshiva highest honors in a citywide contest for having the most successful drive of any college or university in the New York metropolitan area.

Of last year's collection, 75 pints have been distributed to Yeshiva students, faculty members and their relatives, while the remainder has been used for Red Cross purposes.

Heading this year's drive were: Sheldon Kornbluth '55, chairman; Otto Newman '54 and Bernard Pshoter '53, co-chairmen.

Y.U. Drive

This year the Y.U. Drive completed the most successful campaign in its four year history, surpassing its goal of five thousand dollars by over five hundred dollars.

As in the past, the campaign was conducted in all branches of the University. Contributions of the faculty and administration were also solicited.

The monies will be given to the following charities: The United Jewish Appeal, Peylim, Tashbar and the Bnei Akiva Yeshiva in Jerusalem.

Officers of the drive were: Abraham Kramer '54, chairman; the co-chairmen were Simon Cohen '55. Gilbert Davidowitz '55, Sheldon Kornbluth '55, William Kotkes '55, and Otto Newman '54.

FORDHAM
14
YESHIVA
15
YESHIVA
7

Athletics

YESHIVA UNIVERSITY'S 1953-1954 season of sports was centered for the first time in history around the successes of the Mighty Mites of basketball fame. From the opening contest, Coach Bernard "Red" Sarachek and his Blue and White quintet proceeded to upset highly touted Eastern teams and smash eight Yeshiva basketball records, some of which have been untouched for eleven years.

While splitting a twenty game schedule, Yeshiva set new season records with the most points per season, (1424), the most field goals, (502), the most fouls, (360), and the highest average per game, 70.8 points. Abe "Bam" Sodden, 6'4 star center, smashed Marv Fredman's eight year standing record of 331 points in one season by racking up 384 tallies. Sodden also tallied the most field goals for a season (145) and maintained the highest individual average per game, 20.21 points. The only other individual scoring record was set by playmaker Allen Gewirtz as he got 15 assists in one contest.

After losing a two game winning streak by bowing to Brooklyn College, 57-55, the Heighters dropped into a four game losing affair until meeting Pace College in the middle of the season. With one second to go in a tied tilt, Jay Citron's long set shot gave Yeshiva a 60-58 win and the rediscovery of the "might" in the Mites. Following the Pace victory, Yeshiva proceeded to mangle Quinnipiac, Cathedral, Lycoming, and Kings Colleges. The latter two events are inscribed in the scorebook of fame as the two top encounters of the sports year. Lycoming journeyed from Pennsylvania to meet the Yeshiva squad they had ripped last year. Paced by Vince Leta, the second highest scorer in the nation among smaller colleges, Lycoming believed that Y.U. was to be no match for their fast and tall team. Returning to the Keystone

1953-1954 VARSITY
Bottom row (left to right): Abraham Gewirtz, Barry Hochdorf, Leon Green, Eli Levine (Captain), Ralph Schuchalter, Herbert Schlussel, Mitchel Orlian. *Top row*: Arthur Stein (Assistant Coach), William Hulkower (Manager), Marvin Teicher, Wallace Pruzansky, Jonah Kupietsky, Irving Listowsky, Abe Sodden, Jay Citron, Fred Anisfield, Samuel Cohen, Joshua Taragin and Coach "Red" Sarachek.

F E D

FENCING TEAM

Front row—D. Stadtmauer, H. Spear, D. Chill, A. Rosenberg, H. Rosenberg, S. Greenfield, R. Taub, M. Teichman.
Middle row—P. Fuchs, M. Federhush, J. Kaplan, E. Katz, J. Litvin, J. Fischer, J. Mogilner, H. Karten, S. Ingber.
Back row—P. Peyser, N. Hecht, B. Lieberman, G. Siegal, O. Schonthal, J. Danziger, M. Wertheimer, N. Tokayer (Captain), M. Adler.

BASKETBALL TEAM

SOCCER TEAM

Front row—M. Silverberg, I. Schertz, M. Reise, J. Holstein, P. Fleischer.
Back row—S. Steinmetz, M. Weiss, J. Cohen, M. Ingber, J. Polansky, S. Bichler, T. Treitel, L. Schonholz, N. Bryks, I. Berkovits.

TENNIS TEAM

Front row—D. Lifschitz, E. Horn.
Back row—J. Cohen, A. Borow, S. April, S. Rosenberg.

state, the Lycoming ballplayers were still stunned and dazed by the bombshell that had exploded. Not only did the Mighty Mites upset Lycoming, but they smashed the foe, 82-63. The following week, Kings College sought to avenge last year's three point upset suffered at the hands of Coach Sarachek and his men. They too ran into a stone wall as the King's Monarch's bowed 83-74.

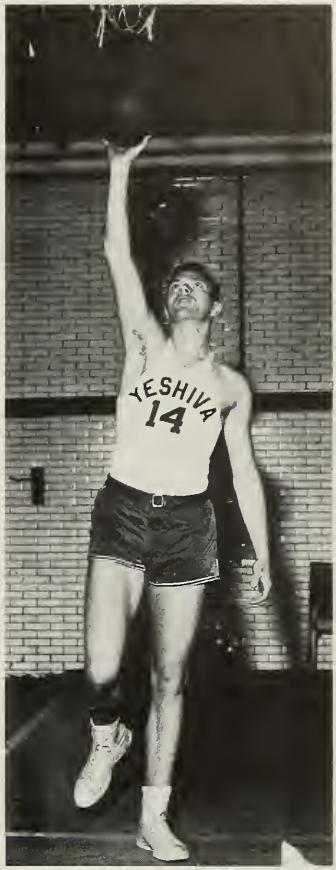
The famous fencers of Yeshiva U. with a 17-5 record over a period of four years, suddenly were stopped cold by their opponents. Starting unusually late in the season, the swordsmen were sliced by St. Peters, Brooklyn College, City College, and Pace Colleges in successive matches. Although the only victory attained during the first four contests was against the Alumni, Yeshiva's duelers were undaunted. Paced by Sabermen Herbert Rosenberg and Captain Norman Tokayer, Foilsmen Howard Spear and Sy Greenfield, Epeemen Barnet Liberman and Neil Hecht, the Fencers catapulted from the dismal start to rip Rutgers of Newark 18-9 and Cooper Union College. Though ending the season with three victories and four defeats, prospects for next year loom bright for the swordsmen of Yeshiva.

The Soccer squad eked out one victory of a three game schedule by defeating the Maccabee Soccer Club and losing to Long Island University and Hunter College. The Blue and White racquet squad, coached by tennis pro Eli Epstein, opened its season in style by defeating top touted Iona, 5-4, Pace 8-1, and then plunging into a rough schedule against Queens, Drew, New York State Maritime, Farleigh Dickinson, Long Island University and Webb Naval Institute. The Tennis men were led by such stalwarts as hard hitting Dave Lifshutz, Gene Horn, Irv Aronson, and Bernie Freedman.

While Yeshiva sports were limited to only three major varsities, plans were being formulated and put into effect to have intercollegiate wrestling, track, swimming, and other sports for the coming year. Under the direction of Bernard Sarachek, Yeshiva's new Director of Athletics, 1953-1954 was

indeed a year of great progress for Yeshiva athletics. Besides varsity sports, there were track, ice skating, self defense, swimming, and first aid groups. The swimming group was an integral part of the Physical Education department. With sessions held Tuesday evenings at the George Washington High School Pool, instruction was offered in courses ranging from beginners swimming through senior life saving. All of the instructors were students of the college.

Among the most popular extra curricular organizations at Yeshiva was the newly formed Ice-Skating Club. The group held skating sessions every Wednesday evening at the Brooklyn Ice Palace. During the year various contests were held and outings were arranged with organizations from colleges in the metropolitan New York area. Yale Epstein '55 was the president of the group. All members of these clubs have become eligible to compete for Yeshiva in the Amateur Athletic Union, of which Yeshiva is a member.

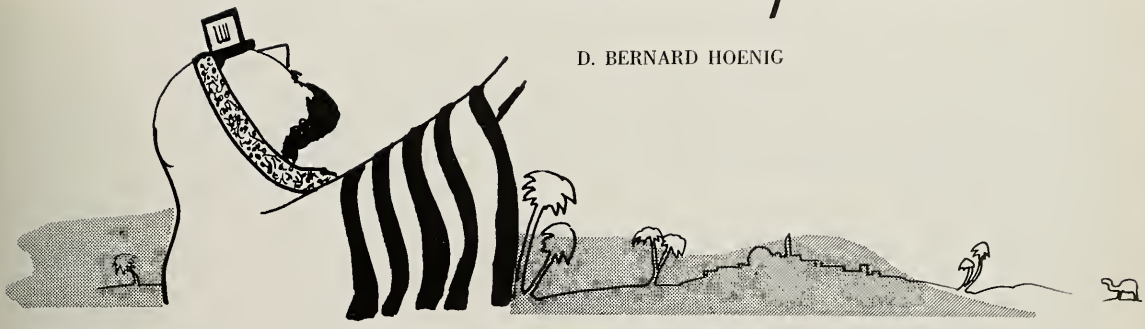


WRESTLING TEAM
Front row—A. Batt, J. Polansky, T. Diskind.
Back row—H. Prager, S. Chwatt, S. Goldstein, J. Landworth.

SWIMMING STAFF
Front row—F. Rosner, M. Kwestel, J. Balsam.
Back row—C. Berchling, G. Nissenbaum, Mr. Charles Brown, D. Stadtmauer.

The Prince of Faith

D. BERNARD HOENIG



A SMALL GROUP of Yemenites sat in the tiny canvas tent of the transit camp near the outskirts of Jerusalem. They were huddled about an old white bearded Jew who was speaking to them softly, and gracefully waving his withered hands like a magic wand. The yellow flame of an old kerosene lamp hanging on the open flap illuminated the tent and sent gay shadows dancing and prancing on the canvas walls.

The old man spoke very softly, but his majestic Hebrew tones seemed to flow throughout the entire camp as if they were carried into the night by the warm and pleasant breezes of Israel. Walking past the tent, I suddenly felt a strong impulse to turn about and listen to the golden voice of the old Jew. The Yemenite men looked like little children as they sat quietly, absorbing the words of the man.

"And so the little one called Israel grows older and stronger. But one day while plowing through the long road of fate, little Israel becomes ensnared in a thorn bush. At dawning the dark friend from afar frees the crying babe and sets it on the right path, to go about its way laughing in the glorious light forever. Remember my dark friends. That is your mission; to complete the prophecy of the son of Ammoz and rekindle the candle of faith in G-d's land. Sing the praises of the Lord and bring his glory to others. Fail me not my friends, fail me not."

The Yemenites stood up, mumbled something to the old one and left the tent. It was odd, I thought, how some of the men had actually kissed the old Jew's hand, as if he was a great leader or a holy man.

"Shalom," echoed a voice from the tent. The old man was standing opposite me at the open flap, his eyes smiling and twinkling like the stars above. Seeing him stand before me in his long blue and white striped rope, against the background of hundreds of tents, made me feel as if the Bible had suddenly taken life before my eyes. He invited me into the tent and when I thanked him in Hebrew he seemed astonished at the fact that I could speak the holy tongue.

"Do you come from America?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered. "I'm touring the new state."

"Americans, do they all speak the language of the Hebrews?"

"Well not all," I laughed. "But quite a large number, at any rate."

Editor's Note: This story appeared in a number of Anglo-Jewish publications in the United States and Canada.

"Astounding, astounding." The old Jew spoke in almost a whisper, stroking his long white beard which looked like pure strands of silk in contrast to his dark, weather-beaten face. We sat on the tent's floor, the hard red-clay earth, and we talked of Israel, of America, of skyscrapers and "auto-cars", and of life in general. When almost an hour of pleasant conversation had passed, I asked the old man about the tale he told before I had entered.

He seemed to study me for a few seconds, finally saying, "That, my son, was a tale based on the prophecy of Isaiah from his sixtieth chapter. Very few people realize that it refers mainly to the Yemenite Jew. Do you know the prophecy of which I speak?"

I answered no, shaking my head from side to side. The old man clasped his hands and began chanting the passage in an ancient melody.

"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee—Lift up thine eyes round about, and see; thy gates shall be open day and night . . . Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their nests? . . . They all shall come from Sheba; they shall proclaim the praises of the Lord."

The old Jew paused for a moment and then continued speaking.

"As you can see, my son, most of the prophecy has come true. Compare each word with the events of today. Israel has been restored to the Jewish people, and from round about the entire world, the exiles have returned to the open gates."

"Now I'm beginning to understand the entire thing," I said. "As Isaiah predicted, they all have come from Sheba, which is today known as Yemen. The question—Who are these that fly as a cloud—probably refers to the Magic Carpet Airlift that flew the Yemenites to Israel."

The old white-bearded Jew was smiling and nodding in approval. "Yet there is one part that has not been realized as yet. That is the last sentence of the passage. It is the mission of the Yemenite to praise the Lord and bring his ways back to the people of Israel."

That evening, an hour after I had left the old Jew and the camp, I reviewed the events in the tent. I couldn't help feeling there was something odd about the entire incident. The old man began to puzzle me. Everything about him, his appearance, his voice and his actions, seemed to give me the impression that there was an air of holiness about him. Peculiar ideas began to spin through my head. He wasn't a Yemenite. What then was he doing in a Yemenite transit camp? Why did he chant the prophecy in that weird ancient melody? It couldn't be that he was the great . . . It was preposterous to think such things, yet I had to make sure.

I started down the road to the camp, walking at first and then running as fast as possible. The small canvas tent was empty. The yellow kerosene flame was out. There were no signs as to the whereabouts of the old man.

Suddenly scores of Yemenite women, men and children began running towards the camp gate marked EXIT. There was screaming and shouting, and a few men held huge burning torches high in the air. A black police truck sped through the camp and came to a stop near the throng of Yemenites. Two policemen pleaded with the people to move aside and let the truck pass, but the noise was at such a pitch that it was impossible to hear anyone.

I pulled an officer aside. "What's going on here?" I shouted as loud as possible.

"Someone reported to us that the Missionary was here again preaching to the people."

"What missionary? What are you talking about?"

"There's an old Jew," the officer shouted, "that comes to these camps and incites the people. It's against the rules you know. But every time we try to arrest him, the Yemenites carry on like this, blocking our every move, and the old one just disappears into thin air. He calls himself the Prince of Faith. Some of these fools actually believe him to be the prophet Isai . . . Hey, American. Don't tell me you believe that fool story too. Hey, American, Hey, where are you going?"

I swallowed hard and began walking away. The policeman kept staring at me, finally shrugged his shoulders and went back to his job of trying to move the people.

I passed the small canvas tent, and looked up into the velvet of the blue starlit sky over Jerusalem, repeating to myself. "Arise and shine, for thy light has come . . ."

Olyphant's Jewish Community . . . A Sociological View

LEON WILDES

OLYPHANT is a quiet town in the heart of the Pennsylvania coal-mining district whose life revolves around its main street and the nearby coal mines. Its male inhabitants are mostly coal miners of Polish and Russian origin who live in the neatly painted wooden frame houses between the main street and the mines and who take pride in their vegetable gardens. The Jewish citizens are the chief merchants and professional men of the town.

The present total population of 8000, of which approximately 60 families are Jewish, relies greatly upon the propinquity of coal mines and dress factories for its livelihood. Little skilled labor abounds in this anthracite area, and the number of young couples settling in Olyphant has constantly decreased because of a lack of economic opportunity.

We are greeted by a welcome sign as we enter Olyphant over its low concrete bridge. A glance at the calm Lackawanna River beneath renders the stories we hear of past spring floods almost incredible, but they are all true.

Crossing the bridge, we see Lackawanna Avenue, the main street, flanked on both sides by rows of stores. A small synagogue and Talmud Torah are situated a few blocks to the west. Few of the proprietors of the stores we see recall the economic opportunities which attracted their parents and grandparents to Olyphant in the late 1880's. They have, however, seen the progress which is the result of sixty-six years of devoted service to their Jewish community.

The earliest Jewish immigration to Olyphant was more like the transplanting of a portion of Europe on American soil than an actual immigration process. Olyphant's first Jews, among them the Spitzes and the Rakers, were all closely related and came to this country, following the Gentiles among whom they had lived and carried on their business in

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Galicia. This factor and the difficulty of learning a new language and customs combined to limit the occupational and social mobility of the newcomers.

The town's Jewish pioneers were mostly self-employed and conducted businesses in dry-goods, furniture and groceries. Jews who arrived later also continued in the occupations which they had previously held in Europe, indeed, in many cases with the same Gentile customers. Some were peddlers, one a banker and one a builder. When, in the 1890's, Hungarian Jews arrived, they found work in the mines and on the railroads. Since that time, however, very few Jews have been attracted to work in the mines.

Early animosities among the Jews of different national origins were submerged in the process of organizing a Jewish community, especially since conducting Sabbath services at private homes had become inconvenient. Seventeen pious Jews met on August 5, 1893 and decided to build a synagogue, purchase land for a cemetery and organize the congregation which was to serve as the focal point of the small Jewish community throughout the sixty years which followed. These seventeen pioneers affixed their signatures to the first page of the new congregation's ledger.

At early meetings officers were elected, dues collected, a spiritual leader chosen and a committee for the purchasing of land for a cemetery and synagogue was appointed. The name "Bichor Cholim Men of Olyphant" (later changed to "First Olyphant Chevra Bikur Cholim") was adopted and plans were made for the hiring of cantors for the approaching High Holidays.

Funds for the proposed synagogue were raised through loans and building materials and supplies were also donated. While the synagogue was being built, services continued to be held at the home of a charter member. When, in 1894, more funds were needed, cornerstones were auctioned and six members signed bank notes for the required sum. Selling permanent seats in the synagogue yielded additional funds and the cemetery was purchased.

By this time, the First Olyphant Chevra Bikur Cholim had assumed more of the responsibilities of a complete community organization. A *shamas* was appointed and a *schochet*, who also served as a rabbi, was employed to supervise the Kosher meat which was then sold by a Gentile butcher. The Congregation expressed its satisfaction with the work already done by reelecting the original officers in 1895. By 1906 the diverse duties of the ritual slaughterer were rigorously prescribed by synagogue rules. The *schochet* received a nominal monthly salary for his services in the butcher shop and performed his synagogue duties without monetary reward.

The enthusiasm of the original settlers continued and interest in Jewish education and family life was heightened as the young community developed. In 1909, part of the new cemetery was sold to the neighboring Jewish community of Dickson City and the two congregations met to consider the erection of a fence at the gates of which were to be inscribed the names of the congregation officers in recognition of their earlier efforts. The *Mikvah*, in use since the synagogue's inception, was repaired. A Talmud Torah was built on the lot adjoining the synagogue.

The acceptance speech of Mr. J. S. Mandel, the Congregation's newly elected president in 1917, typified this Jewish interest. When faced with opposition to the idea of building a Hebrew School, Mr. Mandel replied that "the Synagogue and Talmud Torah are one; if we do not prepare Jews in the Talmud Torah we have no need for a Synagogue."

The new school was put to use at once, but it suffered from the same lack of facilities characteristic of many communities like Olyphant. The curriculum, which included elementary Bible study, Hebrew reading and Jewish customs and ceremonies was taught poorly at first, but improved with the advent of the public school system. The influence of this Talmud Torah was constantly felt in the growing community, for many of its students were inspired to continue their religious studies in out of town *yeshivoth*.

Many other changes accompanied the new school system and chief among these was the process of "Americanization," which began about the time of the first World War. English began to replace Yiddish in the Jewish home, but Russian and Polish were still employed in business transactions with Gentile friends. Jews participated more freely in non-Jewish group activities as social relationships with non-Jews became more common and as the refugee community learned the new tongue.

The Olyphant synagogue has been playing a vital social role throughout its existence. Initially, it served as a community center, a house of worship and a wedding hall. The duties of the president and vice-president included visiting the sick each day, and synagogue rules provided for two members to spend the night with sick persons. On frequent occasions the synagogue's meager funds were loaned to needy members or non-members for funeral expenses which were invariably redonated to the Congregation. Olyphant's Jews were well known for their *hachnasath orchim* and formed a "Federation of American Zionists" society as early as 1903. Annual picnics and balls were conducted and served as a welcome opportunity for social gathering.

Of particular interest from the sociological point of view is the fact that there has never been a "Jewish section" in Olyphant. Jews and Gentiles lived together amicably. Social functions knew no sectarian bounds and were thus freely participated in by the entire community. A *brith*, for instance, was celebrated for several days and neighbors were invited to share in the celebration. Holidays were looked forward to and were usually highlighted by gala parties. After services, the entire congregation would tour the homes of the members, adding to the festivity as they walked from one home to another.

Since World War II, Olyphant's pattern conforms more closely with that of the average American small town. Its Jewish citizens, who are all synagogue members, no longer confine their complete social and cultural life to the synagogue. Social life is usually centered around such organizations as the B'nai B'rith and the Y.M.H.A. which supplement the synagogue, and cultural activities are sought in larger cities, especially in nearby Scranton where a Hebrew Day School has been established.

The chief Jewish social problem exists among the children of dating or marrying age. Many parents look forward to the high school graduation of their children so that they might attend schools and colleges with large Jewish enrollments. Those who remain at home are largely unmarried.

Like the Jews in other American communities Olyphant's Jewish families have achieved stability because of their smaller size and the disproportionately low incidence of behavior conducive to social disorganization. Their basic pattern of professional and business self-employment has practically precluded discrimination in employment. They enjoy social status and a sense of true fellowship in their friendly community.

Synagogue and Community in Boro Park

MORTON SUMMER

ONE OF THE TRUISMS of sociology is that as soon as a group discards its appreciation for its own cultural values and assumes the values of another larger group, it quickly assimilates to the latter. This phenomenon generally accompanies the "up from the slums" movement in Urban society. When the members of an original ethnic group begin to prosper, they move from their first place of habitation to a more comfortable one. In this transfer of residence, the cultural values too are changed to conform with those of the new society in which they find themselves.

Such a pattern was true to a great extent in 19th century American Jewish life. When the first great wave of Jewish immigrants came to the United States from Germany in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, they settled in the East Side. Living there, they built their necessary cultural institutions, synagogues and Talmud Torahs. However, the immigrant Jew, who was pressed to eke out his livelihood, had little time for cultural development and religious creativity. His religious and cultural bonds to his ethnic group usually weakened. Then, as he prospered, he moved northward on the isle of Manhattan to the upper class neighborhoods, which were at the time, Harlem and the West Side. In this transfer, Judaism lost most of its meaning to this type of Jew. He subsequently discarded all but those observances (such as temple attendance and confirmation) which would equate him with his gentile neighbors. The synagogue, which in Europe was the community center, was reduced merely to a house of worship, while the social and cultural community center was moved elsewhere.

Between 1880 and 1910 a new type of Jew arrived in America, one whose religious fabric was stronger than that of his German predecessor. Many a new immigrant had studied in one of the famous Yeshivas of Eastern Europe, where the ravages of assimilation had wreaked less havoc than in Germany. However, in the general process of acclimatization to American life, the new type of immigrant followed a similar pattern to that of the German Jew. In spite of the fact that several Yeshivas now appeared on the scene, the affluent Jew proceeded to leave the East side, where he had first settled, for more comfortable areas in Brooklyn and Manhattan. The Yeshiva and the synagogue were often left behind for better living conditions.

The History of the Jewish Community of Boro Park, Brooklyn, reveals a striking contrast to the type of suburban Jewish community pictured above. In the twenty years following the arrival of the first Jews in 1904, Boro Park already had four synagogues, a Yeshiva, and numerous Talmud Torahs and Sunday schools connected with the synagogues. Out of a total of 6,000 Jewish children of school age, 400 attended the Yeshiva Etz Chaim, while 4,500 other children received their Jewish training in the Talmud Torahs and Sunday schools. This meant that in 1924 better than 85% of all the children of school age in Boro Park were enrolled in some form of a Jewish school.

Jewish institutions prospered in the community. The Israel Zion hospital had been formed by members of the Congregation Shomrei Emunah and later came under the control of all the synagogues. A Kashruth Committee with an annual budget of approximately $10,000 supervised *Shechita* and butcher shops in the neighborhood. Henrietta Szold had organized a Hadassah chapter in Boro Park and the Z.O.A. and J.N.F. also had branches there.

The intense Jewishness of the Boro Park Community was a well recognized fact at the time. To quote several writers in the "Jewish Forum" of 1924; "The inhabitants of Boro Park are very religious"; "The social life of Boro Park is limited mainly to religious and philanthropic endeavors"; "The life of every Jew in Boro Park is pervaded by an atmosphere of learning and religion. Judaism is the guiding star of all the activities of the Community, whether they be educational, social, or philanthropic."

Although this community resembled the European Jewish Community in its inherent Jewishness, it was definitely not a ghetto. Boro Park Jews were able to participate in social intercourse with the non Jewish society which surrounded them. Many children, after completing their studies in the Talmud Torahs and the Yeshiva, were sent to the various colleges and universities of New York City. Today these second generation Boro Park inhabitants are part of the traditional Jewish community. Many of them are well versed in Talmud and Halacha, yet occupy important positions in the professional fields and the business world.

The intense Jewishness of Boro Park may largely be explained by investigating the influence of Congregation Shomrei Emunah, one of Boro Park's oldest synagogues, on the community.

Temple Emanuel, the first synagogue in Boro Park, was organized in 1906. It was a liberal congregation which later came to be styled, "The Conservative Shul." In 1910 however, a group of new arrivals from the East side, many of whom were Talmud scholars, came together to hold orthodox services in an apartment over a store on 13th Ave., the "Main Street" of Boro Park. They formed the nucleus of Congregation Shomrei Emunah, which by 1911 had already organized a Talmud

Torah. The expanding congregation soon moved to an imposing edifice on 14th Ave. and 52nd Street, where it stands today.

Other congregations were formed in subsequent years, among them, Temple Beth El, Congregation Anshei Sfard, and Bnai Yehuda. Many of them drew their membership from Shomrei Emunah, so that the latter became known as "The Mother of Jewish Institutions," in Boro Park. This title was well deserved since the Congregation was also influential in the establishment of the Hebrew Institute of Boro Park, and the Israel Zion Hospital.

The synagogues of the community functioned without a rabbi until Temple Emanuel engaged a permanent spiritual leader in 1922. In 1928, Rabbi Wolf Gold of Mizrachi fame came to Shomrei Emunah, replacing the congregation's first rabbi who had served for two years previously. Through the cooperation of the members of the synagogue, Rabbi Gold was able to devote much of his time to religious Zionist work in the Mizrachi. Rabbi H. I. Wohlberg has been the spiritual leader of the congregation since 1935. At that time, he was the first rabbi to be given a life contract by an orthodox American synagogue.

Shomrei Emunah was successful in maintaining the synagogue as a center for communal endeavors as well as religious activities. One group within the synagogue that combines these two aspects is the *Chevra Mishnayas U'Gemilas Chesed* founded in 1935. This group sponsors a Mishnah class which has daily sessions, but its main function is to lend interest-free sums of money to needy people. In the course of its existence it has lent money to Zionist organizations, small businessmen, and to a neighboring gentile who found it hard to believe that Jews lend money without taking interest.

The greatest contribution which Congregation Shomrei Emunah had made to the Boro Park community is the importance it has placed upon Torah learning for Jews of all ages and in all walks of life. In its early years, the synagogue became a center for former Yeshiva students and other men who came there to study Talmud and Jewish law on the Sabbath and other hours of leasure. In 1918 the Congregation organized its famous *Chevrah Shaas*. Other study groups were organized thereafter, so that at the present time there are special groups that meet in the synagogue for the study of *Mishnah*, *Ein Yaakov*, *Chaye Adam*, *Alfasi*, *Medrash*, and Bible. The Talmud classes conducted in English have become almost as renowned as the original *Chevrah Shaas*. Even at the present time Shomrei Emunah is one of the very few large American congregations where a large group is to be found studying the Torah throughout the night on *Shavuoth* and *Hoshana Rabba* according to the ancient custom. By making available the necessary texts and encouraging the study of Torah in an atmosphere conducive to such study, Shomrei Emunah became an important Jewish Adult Educational Center. The stress laid on Torah learning by this congregation helped to determine the character of the entire community. Religious Jews who came to settle in Boro Park felt encouraged to continue the study and practice of Judaism. Due to this atmosphere, the other congregations which stemmed from the "Mother of Jewish Institutions" retained the same attitude to a dynamic Judaism.

Although Shomrei Emunah never employed "big name" cantors to attract congregants and conducted services with a minimum of display, its name spread far beyond the community which it served. It was an accepted fact in the European circle of Talmud Scholars that anyone who went to America should turn to Shomrei Emunah upon his arrival. Thus the late Chief Rabbi Kook was tendered his first reception there in 1924, and Rabbis Baruch Baer Kaminetzer and Abraham Shapira also turned to this congregation on their arrival in the United States.

During the visit which Chaim Weizmann paid to Boro Park in the early '40's, a fast day had been decreed to pray for the Jews of Europe. Though not an orthodox man, Dr. Weizmann spent the day fasting and praying in Shomrei Emunah. At the close of the day, Dr. Weizmann remarked to Rabbi Wohlberg that the spiritual nourishment he had gained that day from the impressive services far outweighed the physical nourishment he had lost.

Boro Park has advanced in the past three decades in the number of its Jewish Institutions. It has acquired two new elementary Yeshivas, the Novardok Rabbinical Seminary, and the Beth Jacob and Shulamith schools for girls. There are several large synagogues, such as the Beth Israel and Young Israel, in addition to those mentioned above: quite a few smaller congregations, and a number of colorful *minyonim* conducted by Chasidic Rabbis. Many Zionist organizations have actively function-

ing branches in the community. These run the gamut from left wing groups to the orthodox Agudas Israel.

Congregation Shomrei Emunah has kept pace with the progress of the community. Many youth activities are conducted in the synagogue under the guidance of Rabbi Wohlberg, such as special classes in Jewish Philosophy for boys and girls, and the Youth Sabbath, when the school boys conduct all the services.

The major function of the synagogue remains however, to encourage the study of Talmud and Halacha by Jews of all ages, and thus continue to exert a beneficial influence on the character of the entire community.

JUST A LITTLE BOY

HENRY KRESSEL

READING Machiavelli's *The Prince* sometime ago brought back to my mind my stay at the *Nid d'Enfants* during the fall of 1919 and my own short-lived attempt at demagoguery.

The *Nid*, as it was usually known in the village, was an expensive children's home to which anemic little bourgeois were sent to recuperate. I was not particularly anemic, but since the home had a very fine reputation I was left there while my parents went on a business trip to Sweden. The home was administered by two elderly spinsters, Mesdamoiselles Octavie and Hephsibah, who after having lost their savings during the war converted their huge home into a lucrative pension for rich children.

Mademoiselle Octavie was, I soon discovered, the more gullible of the pair. The key to her whole personality was an amazing mustache that covered a good part of her already non too pleasant face, and having gauged the extent of the inferiority complex engendered by this curious growth, I noted that she was completely in my power. I was cruel like all children (I was eleven at the time) and took full advantage of my influence. Shameless flattery, pitiless bullying, phony meekness, all were used to remarkable effect and after my first week at the Nid, she thought I was the most sensible little boy in the world.

To say that Mademoiselle Hephsibah was, on the other hand, forceful would be a gross understatement. She was confident, hard, shrewd, and above all terribly industrious. The whole *pension*, most certainly, owed its existence to her doings. She took care of all the chores around the huge mansion, Mademoiselle Octavie being most of the time in a state of dreamy suspended animation. She even washed the floors. The only thing she did not do was to wash the window panes. "That," she once told my mother, mustering whatever gentility was left in her, "is not fit work for a gentlewoman." Her insight into children was comparable to her diligence and I have yet to see an

individual more learned in the vices of little boys.

It was soon brought home to me that I would be no exception to the general discipline. Hephsibah found out that I had talked Octavie into letting me get away without eating lamb's brain, a food that Hephsibah considered essential for anemic children and that I wholeheartedly loathed. She saw to it that I be deprived of the dessert, the only delicacy served us, every time I refused to eat the brain. I held out for three days, but eventually my greed got the better of me. From then on I ate both peaches *and* brain. I tried to get even by distorting my face in the most suggestive manner during meals, so as to cause an uproar in the dining room. This lack of appreciation so infuriated Hephsibah, that I was sent to bed right after supper for a whole week.

I then realized that the only way to annoy Hephsibah without harming myself, was by effectively organizing a resistance movement among the boys of the *pension*. The girls, I decided with manly scorn, were not worth bothering with. I had no trouble being recognized as the undisputed leader since I was not only one or two years older than most of my comrades, but taller and heavier than any of them. I quickly realized, however, that brute strength was not sufficient to maintain authority and that unless I could stir the boys' imagination as well, I eventually would have to relinquish my control.

I hit upon the idea of forming a secret society with the official aim of causing mischief and annoying Hephsibah as much as possible. I had some difficulties thinking up appropriate ceremonies, but the idea of belonging to something exclusive apparently appealed to my playmates. It was a huge success. I spent a great deal of time concocting ambitious plans that were fortunately failures. It didn't matter anyway. The scheming and planning were lots of fun.

My major coup, for instance, was to have been a breakout at 2 A.M., but the thought of the parental wrath that would ensue from such an act must have affected everyone deeply. We all felt suddenly sick and forgot about the whole affair. A good thing it was too, for I hadn't the faintest idea of what to do after we had gotten outside except go back inside—a situation that would have been most damaging to my prestige.

Minor operations, like hiding the candies that we received from our parents, weren't successes either. All sweets were supposed to be given to Hephsibah for "safekeeping" since everybody knows that "too much candy is not good for growing children." I considered it a poor reason to part with the excellent Swedish chocolates that I received, and I did my best to hide them. But no matter where they were hidden Hephsibah always found them. I don't know to this day how she did it or whatever happened to the candy. In any case we never saw it again.

I had been at the *Nid* for about one month and at the height of my prestige when Denise joined us. Her parents were, I believe, some sort of Jugoslav aristocrats who wandered from capital to capital spending whatever money they possessed. Denise didn't seem to worry much about her parents and knew little of their whereabouts. All she knew was that *Papa* and *Maman* were too busy to take care of her.

She looked rather frightened the first day she spent with us. She knew French very well, having spent a great deal of time in France, but she was so used to living among adults that the company of other children left her completely speechless. She was a charming little girl with her long dark hair, her olive skin, and her air of a little lady. At first, conversation was difficult. She simply refused to talk to me and just walked away with her little nose held high. After the first week of concentrated effort of friendliness on my part, however, she became somewhat more sociable. She eventually confided to me that she wished to join the secret society and she was duly initiated. As she was the first girl to become a member, her initiation was not a rigorous one. Of course, I saw to *that*.

At the end of the second week she was the most militant member as well as an expert at ritual, and the third week she was in full command of the society. I raised no protest, nor did I try to regain my position. I had become amazingly eager to obey her. I did not even protest when Denise suddenly lost interest in secrets and rituals and thus speedily doomed my society. Gone was my desire to do mischief and forgotten were my attempts at clowning during meals. My only ambition was to be worthy of Denise by becoming a true gentleman. I began an assiduous study of

Little Lord Fauntleroy.

We were constantly together and Hephsibah, to be sure, was not one to overlook such "immorality." She called Denise and myself aside one day, and told us in a grave voice "that it is not proper for little boys and little girls to play together."

We left her, somewhat confused. I convinced Denise that we were being unjustly persecuted and that the only thing to do was to run away together and get married. I had read someplace that that was the proper thing to do in such circumstances. So we just walked out through the door onto the road that we thought led to the railroad station. We had no money, and no fixed destination in mind, although we did think that Paris would be nice. We were about halfway to the station when we were stopped by the village doctor on the way to the *Nid*. Without asking any questions he took us back to Hephsibah. Denise, acting as the lady she was, placed the entire blame on me. I did not cry too much when I was put on bread and water for two days, but my faith in women was forever shattered.

Hephsibah wired my parents to come and take me away. She was so happy to see me go that she even deposited a wet kiss on my cheek. She also mumbled something. It sounded like *au revoir*, but it could just as easily have been a quiet little curse.

I did not even say goodbye to Denise.

The Ghetto: Its Origins and Institutions

SHERMAN SIFF

THE TERM "GHETTO" referred originally to an area within a given city reserved for the residence of Jews. There are several theories as to the origin of the word, the generally accepted one being that of Dr. A. Berliner. He maintained that the word was derived from the name of a sixteenth century Venetian cannon factory situated on an island near a Jewish refugee colony. "Ghetto" means iron-foundry in Italian.

In the popular concept, "ghetto" is associated with enforced segregation. economic and social restrictions imposed by the outside world, insecurity in the midst of hostile surroundings. To a great extent, these were true characteristics of the ghetto, yet they did not play the major part in determining its inner structure.

Actually, the institution was first substantially developed by the autonomous action of the Jews in exile. The establishment of a separate Jewish quarter facilitated their religious practices, such as the observance of the dietary laws and synagogue attendance. It also encouraged social intercourse within the group. Thus, voluntarily formed Jewish quarters existed in Alexandria, Antioch, and Rome, during the early centuries of the Common Era. The socio-psychological ghetto first became compulsory during the fifteenth century in Italy and Central Europe, where it lasted until the eighteenth century. "The ghetto arose in the first instance out of a body of practices and needs of the Jewish population. Only when decreed by law did it become an object of resentment."[1]

There are records of cases which show that the Jews actually celebrated the establishment of a ghetto. Rabbi Lippman Heller is known to have taken pride in making arrangements for the ghetto in Leopoldstadt (outside Vienna) in 1650. When, after several years delay, a ghetto was established in Verona (1605) the community fixed the day as an annual festival in the nature of a local Purim. One community observed a special ritual every year in commemoration of the establishment of its ghetto. Several communities which lost their ghettos repurchased them. "The Jews of Speyer received permission to surround their street by a wall as a favorable decree."[2]

In order to understand the significance of the above facts, it is necessary to examine the social institutions of the ghetto, as well as the origins of these institutions. A study of its social structure reveals that these institutions did not originate in the fifteenth century nor in the medieval period. Rather they are the Talmudic institutions which "were welded by the Talmudic sages with remarkable finality into a common basic pattern, which was to last until the breakup of the Ghetto during the three centuries of the modern period."[3] This

does not mean to imply that no change or individual variation took place in the communal pattern of Jewish life. However, the basic foundation remained intact. The Talmud, with the totality of its laws and customs, was the architectural plan and basis for over four hundred years of Jewish communal existence. The best proof of this fact is that the theoreticians, guides, and scholars of the ghetto (as a sociological and legal institution), were also the great Commentators and Codifiers of the Talmud. Among the foremost of these were Maimonides, Asher ben Yechiel (The *Rosh*), his son Jacob *Baal Ha'turim*, Rabbi Meir of Rothenburg, Rabbienu Tam, Joseph Karo, and Moses Isserles. Our main sources of information about Jewish life in the ghetto are the Commentaries of the Rabbis, in addition to their many *takkanot* and voluminous responsa. In short, the social ghetto of the Middle Ages was in effect a well formed and codified Talmudic society transplanted from Babylon. In the words of Salo Baron, "The Jewish Communities of seventeenth century Frankfort and Cracow, of Constantinople and Cairo, have an uncanny resemblance to those of Tiberias and Nehardia at the beginning of the third century."[4]

The very nature of the ghetto caused it to be a state within a state, with its own social, political, and economic institutions. The community, in its totality, was supervised by the rabbinical court headed by the chief rabbi. These courts had full police authority, with power to inflict corporal punishment on offenders. Occasionally they went so far as to exercise capital punishment. All legal disputes were brought to Jewish courts, and appeals could be made to higher courts. In Prague, Jewish lawyers were available to advise litigants.

The greatest weapon in the hands of the rabbis was excommunication. This meant complete banishment from organized society. The offender was ostracized by all members of the community. Since he could not turn to the outside world due to its hostility, he was in a pitiable condition. The only escape from the consequences of the *cherem* was conversion, or penitence and submission. The authority of the religious leaders extended to control of the market police, supervision over weights and measures, the fixing of maximum prices, and the demarcation of the rights of consumers and producers.

In social welfare as well as religious affairs "the internal organization of the medieval Jewries held nothing to be beyond its ken."[5] The benefits which the community received from a type of statehood obliged it to accept certain responsibilities of statehood. These responsibilities in turn helped the community to become self-sufficient and independent of the outside world. Some of the state and municipal tasks thus imposed were maintenance of public order, sanitary control, surveillance over buildings and streets, and the maintenance and policing of market and gardens.

One of the greatest needs in the eventually over crowded ghettos was a system of ordinances for tenant protection. The communities accomplished this aim by invoking and greatly amplifying the Talmudic principle of *hazakah*. They generally ruled that except in special cases necessitated by unavoidable improvements or new taxes, rents of old or new tenants could not be raised. Eventually a *hazakah* in a particular apartment could be sold, mortgaged, given as a dowry, or otherwise disposed of, as could any real estate holding. In the case of fire, the Rabbis ruled that upon rebuilding of the property the previous *hazakah* automatically went into effect. Thus the Jews practiced an intricate system of rent control more than four centuries ago.

This *hazakah* was extended to other spheres of activity, in connection with the injunction against "infringement of a neighbor's boundaries." Artisans and merchants were prohibited from establishing themselves within someone else's domain. Cut throat competition was eliminated from Jewish economic life. Communal regulations governing trade morals and procedures in bankruptcies became widespread.

Social life in the ghetto was also regulated. Beginning with the fifteenth century, many laws were created regulating the type of dress to be worn on certain occasions, the amount and type of food to be served at celebrations, and the number of guests and musicians to be invited. It was felt that extravagances would arouse Gentile envy, diminish communal tax revenues, and impoverish many families attempting to keep up with their neighbors. These laws also attempted to obliterate class distinctions within the ghetto. At a rabbinical conference it was cited that the Jews spent on banquets "more than they could afford and more than the wealthy Christians among whom we live."[6] By community legislation for the benefit of all, the

Rabbis attempted to prevent what Thornton Veblin termed "conspicuous consumption."

Public opinion played a very vital part in the social life of the ghetto. Through this medium every Jew was assured of equality before the law. Any Jew who felt that he had been improperly treated by the courts was able to "interrupt the reading." That is, he could stop the reading of the Torah until his grievances were aired before the entire congregation. He thus referred his case to public opinion. Since all contacts in the ghetto were close and intimate, public opinion was a very strong deterrent to social disorder and disorganization.

To the Jew in the ghetto the prime purpose of marriage was the perpetuation of the group. Very often parents selected the prospective mates for their children. Although one reason for early marriages was to uphold morality, the uncertainty of ghetto life was a contributing factor. Tosafoth, quoted by Abrahams, states that "as to our custom of betrothing our daughters before they are fully twelve years old, the cause is that persecutions are more frequent every day, and if a man can afford to give his daughter a dowry, he fears that tomorrow he may not be able to do it, and then his daughter would remain for ever unmarried."[7]

Many wedding halls existed in the ghettos, since the wedding was one of the most festive occasions in Jewish life. Some sources call these places "dancing houses." However this name is a misnomer since the Jews frowned on mixed dancing of any kind, except for an extremely chaste ritual dance with the bride.

Communal responsibility for the welfare of the individual was deeply ingrained in the Jewish spirit and was further enhanced by the insecurity of medieval Jewish life. Jewish law regards charity not as a gift to the poor but rather as an obligation of the donor. In the medieval Jewish community, charity was a form of social security. There were varied methods of helping the needy. Some communities, following the Talmudic precedent, established a *kuppah* (chest) and *tamchui* (kitchen). The purpose of the *kuppah* was to distribute money, whereas the *tamchui* distributed food. The Talmud specifically forbade investigation of persons seeking food so that the poor man was spared the shame of any inspection. Most communities also devised a system of billeting itinerant poor. In the words of Baron, ". . . It is apparently true that no Jew seems ever to have died of hunger while living in a Jewish community."[8]

In addition to the aid they received from individuals and the community, the poor were exempt from state as well as communal taxes. The brunt of the load was carried by the community treasury. Free loan societies were also very common in the ghetto. They carried into practice the ruling of Maimonides that economic rehabilitation is the highest possible form of charity.

Many communities provided hospitals, while medical and nursing benefits were even extended to the home. Very often voluntary associations for visiting the sick were organized in accordance with the precept of *Bikur Cholim*. The community also accepted responsibility for burial of the dead, and for this purpose, formed *Chevra Kadisha* societies.

Special care was given to orphans and widows in accordance with Biblical tradition. The property of an orphan was protected by a regular auditing of his accounts under control of a specially appointed guardian. Communal leaders even hesitated to levy taxes on these properties. "In the final analysis the community as an institution of public law took the chief responsibility for the care of the sick, the aged, the orphan, and destitute persons in general."[9]

Severed from the gentile world, tenaciously holding to their ancient traditions, the Jews in exile created an intricate social order. Their community carefully regulated conditions within its walls despite severe restrictions from without. The ghetto, though ancient in origin, strongly resembled a modern socialistic society in its extension of public regulation to the social and economic phases of life. In these matters the ghetto was unquestionably far ahead of its time.

1 Wirth, Louis, *The Ghetto*, p. 50.
2 Baron, Salo, *A Social and Religious History of the Jews*, II, p. 88.
3 Baron, Salo, *The Jewish Community*, I, p. 155.
4 *Ibid.*, p. 156.
5 Abrahams, Israel, *Jewish Life In the Middle Ages*, p. 169.
6 Baron, Salo, *The Jewish Community*, II, p. 304.
7 Abrahams, *loc. cit.* p. 169.
8 Baron, Salo, *A Social and Religious History of the Jews*, II, p. 100.
9 *Ibid.*

Personality in Your Handwriting

MURRAY BOMZER

"ISN'T THAT SILLY? I have a heavy script; therefore, I'm determined and aggressive. I have hooks and loops at the end of my strokes; therefore, I'm stubborn. I always said graphology was baseless, and this analysis certainly proves it."

The above reaction is typical of one who has come in contact with graphology for the first time. Yet the study of graphology is by no means new, dating back as it does to the Middle Ages. When the Italian philosopher, Camillo Baldo (circa 1630) wrote, in the first known graphology text, that script reflects personality, he created only a temporary stir. It was felt either that his theory was false or else that special intuition was needed to detect the personality in the script.

Two centuries later, Abbie Flandrin, a clergyman, was so impressed by the subject that he formed a small group to study it. By classifying handwritings of people with various interests and pursuits, his group arrived at some of the basic rules of handwriting analysis now in use. Scholars like Moreau and Goethe became interested in graphology, and wrote minor books on the subject. Sharp interest spread through Germany to England, where a clique of intellectuals including Elizabeth and Robert Browning spent much time in its study and development. In the nineteenth century, graphological societies were formed in most European countries.

Today, largely as a result of the work done by the psychologists Ludwig Klages and Max Pulver, graphology is studied seriously abroad as an aid to the psychologist and psychiatrist. Especially in France, where it is studied together with other projective techniques—methods to obtain physical imprints of the intangible, the unknown, "the personality"—graphology is given a top ranking place in the field of projective psychology. In the United States, its study is still young. The American Graphological Society, established in 1927, aims to have this field included among the accepted trends in psychology in this country.

Skepticism of graphology often results from lack of understanding of its aims. Thus, a person who has never led a group might be skeptical upon being told that his script shows he has leadership ability. Such a person should understand, however, that graphologists are not sorcerers. They can not tell you what you have done or will do. They can see, by the extent and manner that your script varies from school-book copy, some of your potential capabilities. Let me cite some examples.

You know that some people are opinionated, while others are slow to reach conclusions. Think of the friends who are always ready to try your suggestions, and of those who seldom have enough facts on the situation or enough assurance that your suggestion is the proper one to follow. Examine their scripts. If your friends are emotional, opinionated, always ready to "jump on the band-wagon," then their scripts probably lean far to the right. If their scripts lean *so* far that they seem to lie down on the right side, then they are almost certainly impulsive. They act on a moment's suggestion, often to their regret. On the other hand, if your friends are reflective, if they want all the facts to decide the issue, they probably have vertical scripts and perhaps even slant to the left. In other words, if they are emotional, if they go out to others, their script often reflects this trait by slanting to the right—away from themselves.

The following script (A) is practically vertical. To such a writer nothing would be obvious. He probably demands more facts than you or he can

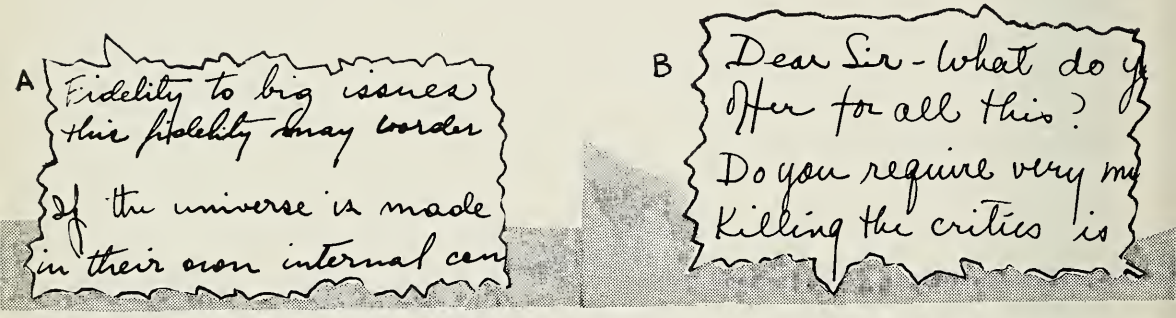
supply to decide the issue. Consequently, he would seldom make a definite decision. However, notice those small hooks at the end of his strokes. According to graphologists, such hooks are made only by a stubborn fellow. Once he has made up his mind, he wouldn't change it. Now, look at the points on his *m*'s and *n*'s. Instead of round strokes they resemble knife edges. These are "critical" points. They show that he would be compelled to criticize and evaluate anything he hears or reads.

Is he satisfied with his accomplishments? His high *t*, *d*, and *l* stems and his *t* crossings placed high on the *t* stems reflect his well-developed imagination. Notice that his *t* and *d* stems are wide looped. They resemble *l*'s. These wide loops are usually indicative of great sensitivity. This fellow's sensitivity coupled with his imagination, would cause him to feel his failures keenly. Now examine his *g* loops. Most of us bring the loop back up to the writing line. He starts to bring it up, but the attempt fails. The loop is detoured to the right. People who have met many frustrations would make these detoured loops. Do you know someone like this? He has probably had many hopes and ambitions, but more failures than realizations.

In the next script (B), two striking characteristics are the original strokes and the absence of strokes. Notice that the double *f* connections are original compositions. No school teacher taught him this connection. Note too that his capitals are mostly printed. If you simplify your letter formations by printing capitals and also other letters, you show one of the graphological signs of mental maturity. You are disregarding some of the shackles you embraced as a child. You can think for yourself. The above writer has strokes which you seldom see in other scripts. Not only does he have the signs of mental maturity, but his original strokes indicate that he would be highly original in his attitudes.

Does he waste time as he works? Does he spend much effort on unimportant details? If you know someone who writes every word with beginning and end strokes, you may also feel certain that he spends much time on minor details. The above writer eliminates these beginning and end strokes, which are actually unimportant details, as well as many other strokes. He works only with essentials. On any project, he would deal only with the most pertinent matters.

Notice the clarity of his script. Legibility and distinctness are the two main graphological signs of intelligence. His script, too, is vertical. That is, the signs of objectivity are present also in this script. His reflection based on his intelligence indicates that the details he skips may well be eliminated.



Perhaps you are wondering how graphological knowledge has been compiled. How has it been verified that certain symbols indicate certain tendencies? The story of how one professional graphologist first become interested in this field will illustrate how such knowledge was and still is collected. As a school boy, he noticed that his classmates' handwritings often reminded him of other

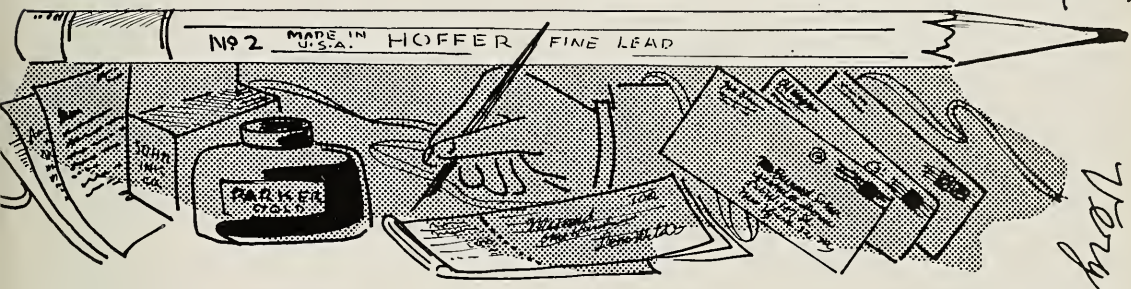
peoples' scripts. He began to believe that people with similar handwritings should have similar character traits. When he finally offered to describe the personalities of unknown people by comparing their handwritings with those of people he already knew, he was acclaimed for his surprisingly accurate characterizations.

All early graphological interpretations were based on similar crude observations and superficial conclusions. Yet, the most scientific and exact tests of the twentieth century have reaffirmed and refined these intuitive interpretations.

Using scientific tests to establish norms and averages, the size of letters in thousands of handwriting samples has been measured in millimeters, and the pressure behind the writing instrument has been measured in milligrams. People whose scripts habitually slanted to the right were asked to write left for a while and vice versa. Others who perhaps used hooks and angles were asked to try not using hooks and to write in rounded scripts. They were then asked to describe how they felt during the tests. Most of the people found that after changing their handwritings they became irritable. Some said they felt somewhat relaxed. Very few felt that the change in script had had no effect on them. This testing was done to re-examine the established interpretations of such features as slants, hooks and angles. Then, to find out which of these handwriting features are written automatically and which deliberately, extensive writing tests in darkened rooms were conducted. Because of these and other scientific tests, professional graphologists today agree almost completely on which symbols indicate the various tendencies.

Aside from its value to the qualified graphologist who is almost always a professional psychologist, graphology may greatly aid any individual whose work requires an understanding of the people with whom he must be in contact. A teacher, for example, may recognize a fatigued student by his drooping script. An uphill handwriting may indicate to an employer that his prospective employee is of an optimistic nature. Handwriting analysis may help a doctor evaluate his patient's emotional condition. In all social contacts, graphology may be useful in separating the followers from those with leadership ability. However, since it is only one of the many means of judging personality, it should not be the sole criterion in these estimations.

Now, a dozen or so character traits do not describe a person. There are thousands of facets to each personality. Yet, graphology, in helping to distinguish such characteristics as stubbornness, pliability, idealism and sensitivity, facilitates a fuller understanding of our own capabilities and shortcomings, and those of others. In so doing, graphology may provide a guide to a fuller and more meaningful life.



On Smoking

MICHAEL ROSENAK

EVERY SMOKER, during his early match-lighting and lung-blackening career, has tried, by various methods, to rid himself of the expensive, unhealthy and delicious addiction. He has no doubt, read countless articles on how to do it by people who have done it, and may have perused numerous detailed descriptions of the ravages of lung cancer and peptic ulcer. These horrors, coupled with parental hortatives, may have stimulated him to embark on a campaign to impoverish the cigarette manufacturers.

One approach, (so called because it leads somewhere but gets nowhere), I call the Yom Kippur method. It afflicts the soul, being built around total abstinence. You decide, in the middle of a delicious puff, that the eternal light must be extinguished. With a grandiose flourish, you grind the last cigarette, sputtering its indignation, into extinction.

The first hour quickly passes in the enthusiasm of the thorough search for all manner of remaining tobacco. The next hour is taken up in resisting the temptation to dispose of the collected remnant by the usual burning ritual. But after several hours, boxes of candy, and sticks of gum, the realization became acute that only the most drastic measures will allow action to keep pace with intention.

You go around telling everyone proudly, but with a note of pathos, that you no longer smoke, hoping in this manner to kill temptation with shame. You even light cigarettes for all comers, politely explaining that, while you really have no grudge against indulgers, well, personally, isn't it rather silly?

Suddenly, without warning and in a flash of light, your best friend relates that Mark Twain was a chain smoker and that Churchill, who is eighty, has not as yet contracted lung cancer. All your protestations that Twain couldn't write and that Churchill is bald are bootless; the thought that an occasional cigarette could do no harm cannot withstand such historical evidence. No decent person can be expected to do his work under such tension. I am a decent person. Therefore . . . And after all, lung cancer never comes before fifty and that's almost thirty years off.

The arguments are conclusive. Now for a cigarette. But alas! The house-cleaning has been too thorough and not a shred remains. Away with logic! Down with syllogism and with smoking!

That evening, you are invited to a family get-together. Everyone is sitting around the living room with cocktails. But to drink without smoking is impossible so you take out a fresh stick of gum, seat yourself next to a grand-uncle, and inquire as to his health.

Everyone else is discussing the mystery religions of Southwestern India but you talk first about health, and then about the weather. Everyone must be thinking how dull you are . . . and all because you can't be sociable and smoke. So your appetite is better, so you'll live longer, so who calls

this living? Dangerously aggressive emotions against the writers of articles on how to give up smoking are welling up inside of you. Maybe just talking about the weather is okay with them! They're probably just as miserable as you are and find the conversion of happy smokers their only comfort. Well, you're not going to be duped

Cautiously, with an eye on the others, your trembling fingers clutch at a match, bright with promise. Lovingly, your hand guides a cigarette to your parched lips. The first puff restoreth your soul.

That's one method. It doesn't work so you devise one that should. You draw up an elaborate schedule of when and where you may smoke. You may have a cigarette after breakfast, another at ten minutes after twelve, a third after that boring Chem class, and so on. This, you figure, is reasonable. It takes human frailties into account. You won't have your eyes glued to your neighbor's cigarette all day. And you don't. It's glued to the watch. In twenty-two minutes I can smoke. In half an hour I may take one giant puff.

Of course there are certain advantages to this system. You can be sociable, discuss mystery religions on rationed occasions, and still know that you're not killing yourself. You can carry cigarettes and know that they're all for you.

And then again, you can move the clock up. You can eat breakfast three times, and so on. Everything works well except your heart and lungs who are less easily fooled than you are and who recognize dishonesty when they feel it. Finally, even you become disgusted with such dishonesty, give up the experiment altogether, and try to think of some new and easier way.

Actually, of course, there is still a third method. This is the one I find to be the most realistic. It consists merely of a firm resolve not to smoke between cigarettes. This method, requiring neither strength of character nor mental concentration enables the smoker to really stop smoking—innumerable times a day.

The Masmid

LEO TAUBES

I had spent an evening dreary, studying till my eyes were bleary,
Poring over many a weighty volume of Talmudic lore.
Sleep became my one desire, but I knew I mustn't tire,
For I wished to get a higher, higher mark than heretofore
On the annual *bechina* which I barely passed before,
Barely passed and nothing more.

Into treacherous wells I toppled, ox and ass together coupled,
Clumsily I broke a vessel and some vows that once I swore . . .
I reviewed my scrawled notations and the cunning explanations
Which untangled complications that had troubled sages hoar.
Till at length there was no further *inyan* that I could explore,
Only sleep for evermore.

Phantasies disturbed my slumber, frightful visions without number,
And I thought 'twas but another, crueller nightmare

than before
When I heard the sound of crashing, as of something crudely smashing,
Some macabre monster bashing down my dormitory door.
"Go away," I mumbled hoarsely to the force beyond my door.
"Let me sleep for evermore."

Suddenly the noise desisted and I heard a key being twisted,
Vaguely heard a pass-key twisting in the lock upon my door.
Then there came the stealthy squeaking of long oilless hinges creaking,
And a counsellor entered shrieking, "*Minyan,*" like a call to war.
"Up for *minyan*, c'mon fellers!" For reply there was a snore,
And I muttered "Nevermore."

Immunized to all complaining after years of expert training
He persisted in his plaguing; he was hardened to the core.
To placate him for the present I decided to be pleasant,
"Look," I reasoned, "mark me present, I stayed up till after four.
I'll be down tomorrow morning but last night I learned till four.
Quoth the counsellor, "Nevermore."

Since my suit was not succeeding, I refrained from further pleading.
With a sigh, I closed my eyelids as the counsellor slammed the door.
Once again sleep overtakes me, but as conscious thoughts forsake me
I still hope someone will wake me by nine-thirty or before,
And I realize now I should have started studying long before . . .
I'll regret it evermore.

Fragmentary Monologue of a Maiden Sentenced to be Burnt at the Stake

DAVID K. LEVEY

BEFORE the passing of my youth I die,
But such a way to die—so like a moth
That shrivels in the flame as if a wind
Had passed through it and barely left an ash.

I wonder if my heart will burn, or if
The watching crowd, gone mad from what they see,
Will rush to grab it whole from off the pyre,
And later, in the darkness of the night,
Enclose it in an urn of beaten gold . . .

But how is it that I, unripe in years,
So suddenly feel ready for sweet rest,
That I, so rich in hope for love and life,
Could fold these warm young arms and die?
And more, for not a sound has touched my lips,
No thought of pain displays itself in cries.
Inert I do not lift my head to scream . . .

I was awake before the sun today
And hurried out with my age-battered pail
To draw some water from the nearby well.
As every other morn, I was the first
To reach the pump. The night spilt forth a ray
That showed the sun was near behind. The grass
Was wet, and minute drops, like beads of sweat,
(So often seen upon my mother's brow),
My clumsy feet had brushed from tapering blades.

The recent spring had come with gay delights
And everything I loved was blessed anew.
I sat and gazed at sweet familiar sights
And mourned that Spring's most precious days are few.

Beside the well an ancient tree stoops down.
Old age, string winds, and epic Winter's snows
Have laden it with such incessant care
That, servile in old age, it sweeps the ground
Each time a breeze glides through its bright green hair.
How strange, I thought, that anything so old
Can bring forth buds and verdant leaves,
That G-d can bless a lonely, speechless tree
Like Sarah, who gave birth though full of years.

But now, though scarcely half a day has passed,
This dimly-lighted pastoral of dawn
Is dead—for I have ceased to feel its life.
Though children yet may climb those gnarled arms
And maidens still stand laughing by the well
My inner eye beholds the well quite dry
And sees the tree a fallen, rotted stump.

The Nature of Knowledge

NEIL HECHT

THE ACQUISITION of knowledge has been a subject of much consideration by philosphers of all ages. They have tried to answer the questions: Where does our knowledge come from? By what faculty or process do we obtain it?

Attempted solutions have been offered from two divergent points of view: that of the rationalist, who as the name suggests, emphasizes the role of reason: and that of the empiricist, who emphasizes the role of experience.

According to the rationalist, the mind is equipped initially with a number of ready-made principles, and in order to obtain knowledge it only needs to reason in accordance with these principles. Just as a mathematician may deduce a whole system of mathematics from one or two fundamental axioms by sheer reasoning, so the philosopher may discover the truth about the universe by the same methods. In other words, reason itself, unaided by observation, can provide us with knowledge. Such knowledge is called *a priori.*

Although reasoning may determine what will follow from the fact that "X" exists, yet it cannot determine whether "X" does exist. Therefore, the empiricists claim that only observation through sense experience can inform us of what exists. Thus if a man wishes to know what the universe is like, he must observe it through experience. Such knowledge is called *a posteriori.*

One of the earliest views on this problem was that of Socrates (469-399 B.C.E.) as described in the dialogues of Plato. Socrates differed from his long-winded rivals. the Sophists, in that he did not profess to be in possession of a fund of knowledge which he could impart to his hearers; but contented himself instead with asking questions. This method of teaching was in part the expression of the famous "Socratic irony," an affectation of ignorance concerning the subject of discussion and a pretended deference to the superior knowledge of his interlocutors. His method of teaching by asking questions was also justified by Socrates on the ground that "all knowledge is recollection." In learning anything, he said, we are simply *recalling* a part of what we knew in a previous existence.

In the "Meno" Socrates states: "The soul then as being immortal and having been born again many times. and having seen all things that exist, whether in this world or in the world below. has knowledge of all things: and it is no wonder that it should be able to call to remembrance all that one ever knew about virtue. and about everything; for as all nature is akin, and the soul has learned all things. there is no difficulty in her eliciting, or as men say learning, out of a single recollection all the rest, if a man is strenuous; for all inquiry and all learning is but recollection."

Just how seriously Socrates wishes us to take this doctrine of the pre-existence of the soul, and how literally we are to understand the claim that all learning is recollection is not completely clear; it is evident, however, that Socrates means to teach that man is not wholly dependent upon sense-perception for the attainment of knowledge.

This same point of view of inherent knowledge appears in the philosophy of Descartes (1596-1650). In attempting to bring about a renovation of philosophy from authoritarian Scholasticism by a method of universal doubt, this rationalist was led to the doctrine of "innate ideas." His rule of procedure was to believe nothing unless it was completely clear and self-evident. Then he set out to doubt everything which could possibly be doubted. He doubted the external world; he tried to doubt his own existence. But here he stopped; he found it impossible to doubt his own existence because, he said, to doubt is to think, and there can be no thought without a thinker—"cogito ergo sum," "I think, therefore, I am."

The doctrine of "innate ideas" resulted from these considerations. Having assured himself of the reality of his own consciousness Descartes found within himself certain ideas. Some of these he said are adventitious, they come from outside the mind; others are factitious, the mind makes them; still others are innate. These last are neither made by the mind, nor do they come to it, but they are inborn.

How may we determine which ideas are innate? According to Descartes, the clearness and intuitive certainty of ideas constitute the proof of their innateness. And conversely, in the thought of the rationalistic philosophers of the period, ideas which on account of their widespread occurrences were judged to be innate, were consequently held to be absolutely certain and indisputable. Thus, the principle of contradiction, i.e. "that it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be," was held to be innate and indisputable because of its clarity.

The unchallenged acceptance by the rationalists of certain notions as being indisputably true was objected to by the empiricists. John Locke (1632-1704) was one of the foremost to challenge the doctrine of innate ideas. A large part of his "Essay Concerning Human Understanding" is devoted to its refutation. Locke pointed out that young children, idiots, and savages, do not possess some of the ideas which the Cartesians and Platonists would have us regard as innate.

Using the famous analogy of the empiricists. Locke stated that the mind of a child at birth, instead of containing an original endowment of ideas, is like a blank sheet of paper. The believer in the innateness of ideas would maintain that the paper already contains visible writing. The more cautious rationalist might say that the paper has already been written on, but with invisible ink which requires the chemistry of experience to make it fully legible. The empiricist, however, maintains that the paper is blank, containing absolutely nothing. Or, to change the figure, according to the empiricist, each of our minds is like a bit of wax, entirely free from any determined structure or shape, and ready to receive any impression which experience may make upon it.

Locke contended that all knowledge comes from two types of experience—sensation and reflection. Sensation refers to the activity of the various organs of sense, e.g. seeing and hearing. Reflection, on the other hand, is the mind's analysis of its own processes and emotions, e.g. Willing and Doubting. It is what later psychologists have termed "introspection."

Our knowledge is gained from these two types of experiences, the external senses and the internal reactions of the organism. Together they produce various ideas which are then combined and related into what Locke calls "The only type of knowledge."

In the empirical view of knowledge a great deal will depend upon the way we define our terms. If knowledge is not defined too rigidly, but the name is given to any sort of understanding, ordered or unordered, then even a complex of disconnected sense-perceptions would be knowledge. On the other hand, if by experience we mean a multiplicity of disconnected items, and if by knowledge we mean an ordered understanding, it follows that disorderly experience alone cannot give us orderly knowledge. Finally, if it be assumed that experience gives us relationship as well as the items which are to be related, then knowledge may be said to come from experience.

Immanuel Kant (1724-1804) adjudicated the issue between the empiricism of Locke and the rationalism of Descartes, by teaching that so far as the uninterpreted formless matter is concerned knowledge is empirical; but as to its form or categories, i.e. the instruments by which we are able to classify this matter, knowledge is *a priori*. To use a prosaic example, in a three dimensional movie, we can see no more than a blurred image without the polaroid glasses. The glasses are the mechanism which transforms this image into a clear three dimensional picture. The blurred image is the rough formless matter and the lenses are the *priori* forms which enable us to interpret this matter. In a similar manner Kant says that our minds are equipped with mechanisms such as time-space by which we can classify matter.

As long as we retain the old point of view of compartmentalized knowledge which underlies Kant's discussion of the problem, his solution may be satisfactory. From the standpoint of twentieth-century thought however, the distinction between rationalism and empiricism loses its significance; for the question as we see now was badly put. Empiricist and rationalist alike were thinking in accordance with what we may call "filing cabinet thoughts." From this compartmentalized point of view there would, of course, be room for the question whether all our knowledge is acquired from experience or is some of it possessed innately. This resulted from regarding reason as one thing and sense-perception as another.

A more careful analysis, however, suggests that there is no sharp line of division between perception and reason. The difference is one of degree only. For in perception the mind is already at work,

actively organizing and interpreting the data of sense. Indeed, as Ayer pointed out in "The Foundations of Empirical Knowledge," the notion of a datum of sensation which is not already to some degree organized and interpreted is a pure abstraction. Reason is not an additional source of knowledge, a little man within the man, so to speak, that decides difficult questions for us. It is the name for one phase of a continuation of the process of organization and interpretation; this process in its other phase we call sense-perception. The separation is in verbal thought only; in actuality the reaction of the organism is a process which does not separate one phase from the other.

There is no room for a beginning or an end in an ever-recurring process. Modern psychology views the knowledge process as a continuum. Therefore, to inquire which came first or last is inappropriate, for everything is a transitory step to the next relative point. It is in the light of this perpetual process that knowledge and experience are to be understood.

LEO TAUBES

A THIN CURTAIN of rain veiled the fields through which the train slowly made its way. Freddy's eyes shifted from the woman sitting opposite him and he put his face to the window. He peered at the bleak landscape rolling by, the flat pastures, desolate and naked except for an occasional cluster of bedraggled trees and some melancholy cows huddled together with dull, sad faces. He felt so sorry for them; they must feel terribly lonely and forlorn out there. This was his first acquaintance with the country, as far as he remembered, and his first ride on a train, but his initial excitement had not been strong enough to overcome his feeling of timorousness.

He looked up at the woman sitting opposite him. She smiled encouragingly but Freddy continued his serious scrutiny of her face. It was lean and rather heavily lined, with deep-set eyes and a slender nose. Her hair was grey but yet there was something youthful in her appearance and a definite kindness and sympathy. He lifted the corners of his mouth tentatively. She smiled again.

"It's a shame that it's raining," she said.

"Yes." He nodded his head.

"The country is so pretty in the summer, I think you'll like it. There's always something to do and we have a wonderful garden, with all sorts of trees and flowers that you can help take care of. Do you think you'd like that?"

"I think so. I've never done it."

"This is your first time away from the city isn't it?"

"Yes." He looked down at his neat pants and newly shined shoes. His first time away from the city. Except, of course, when he had first come to Amsterdam, but he couldn't remember that too clearly. There had been a pair of mittens and a scarf that his mother had given him when he left. He still had the scarf; the mittens had been lost somewhere en route to one of the families he

Editor's Note:

This story won first place in the Jerome Robbins Short Story contest, 1954.

had lived with at first, before he came to the orphanage. He felt a momentary stab of sadness. The Jewish orphanage of Amsterdam. Just two weeks ago he had still been there and then one day his uncle had come for him and explained that it would be safer for him somewhere in a small village. He had understood that because he had heard what the Germans were doing. But it had been strange at first to wear his clothes without the yellow star. He had been so proud of that distinctive badge, not exactly sure of what it implied, but happy because everyone else in the Home had worn one and it made them into a sort of fraternity. Of course there had always been that spirit of comradeship, a wonderful warm feeling of being at home, of knowing everybody else there. He had been one of the youngest children in the Home and a great favorite with the directors as well as with the other boys. How he loved that place, everything about it. There has always been something to look forward to, Saturdays and the Jewish holidays, celebrated with so much spirit and beauty, the evenings of entertainment, someone's birthday, the playing, the outings, the school. There had been classrooms right in the building and he had really enjoyed going to school. It was just as good as playing.

He was suddenly struck by a frightening thought.

"Will I go to school?" he asked the woman anxiously.

"Yes, certainly. You'll be just like all the other boys and girls in the village," she reassured.

"But what about Saturday, do I have to go to school then?" he persisted fearfully.

"No, there's never any school on Saturdays."

"What about church, do I have to go to church with you on Sundays?"

She tried to quiet his fears by speaking in a calm, soft voice.

"We don't go to church. When we pray we do it at home."

Well, that was all right. He wouldn't have to be with them when they prayed. "But what about Saturdays, what shall I do? I'm not allowed to work on Saturday you know," he added as explanation. "May I pray by myself?" "Yes, of course, you may Freddy," she said in a tender voice. "You can do anything you want. We don't want you to do anything you don't like." She smiled sweetly at him and he looked at her gratefully as he sank back in his seat.

His eyes returned to the window. It was almost dark outside but the rain had stopped. In the distance he could see the black outline of the dunes. They looked terribly high and grim in the half-light, but he didn't mind at all.

"Is that where we're going?" he asked curiously.

The woman looked where he pointed and nodded.

"We're almost there now," she said. "We still have to take a bus when we get off the train. You'd better put your coat on, it's cold outside."

She took his suitcase down from the rack and Freddy picked up the bag lying next to him and hung it across his shoulder. It was made of thin cloth and his name was on it, written in India ink. It was the only thing he had been able to take with him from the orphanage. He remembered how he had felt jealous of the other boys. In addition to this small bag they each had a pillow-case stuffed full with clothes, prepared in case of emergency, but he hadn't gotten one. He didn't need it, really. What were his friends in the Home doing now? It would be nice and warm there, with bright lights and lots of busy, happy noise. He could picture it and it was painful.

"We'll be home soon," said the woman, "then you can eat something warm and get right to bed. You must be tired."

The train was slowing down and people were moving in the corridor. Freddy's heart was beating faster and he wished somehow that they wouldn't have to leave the train yet, that perhaps this wasn't the right station and they could stay on a little longer. But it was the last stop and he would have to get off unless he wanted to be carried back to Amsterdam when the train went there again.

The station was crowded and noisy, people were running about in confusion, but Freddy let himself be guided by the woman who weaved her way with sure steps to the bus stop. Freddy did not talk while they were riding. He was looking at the country through which the bus was speeding. He tried to get some impression of what his new home would be like but it was too dark to see anything clearly. On one side of the road the land was flat. A few houses stood out in the darkness, their windows lit up. On the other side were the dunes, just some big woods, except that they grew on a hill. And behind them the sea. Was that the sound of the

sea? Or was it only the trees waving in the wind? How long would it still take, weren't they there yet? A cheerful voice penetrated his mind and he opened his eyes.

He picked up his bag automatically and followed the woman out of the bus. He watched it disappear in the distance and looked around. He couldn't see anything. Not one house, just trees all over. Was this the village? He had not expected big buildings and streets but surely a few houses. Here there was nothing except a little path towards which they were walking.

"Is this the village?" he asked, trying not to sound critical. The woman laughed slightly.

"No, the village itself is about a mile further. Our house is down this road though. There, you can see it now."

Freddy walked closer to the woman. Aunt Lena, she had told him to call her. He wanted very much to take her hand and hold on to it but he was a bit afraid of trying. They had reached the house and Freddy looked through the lighted window. His new home. It was cold in the hallway and Aunt Lena hurried him into the room where a bright fire was burning in the grate. Two women sat at a table, eating supper. Aunt Lena pushed him forward.

"Here he is," she said. "Freddy, this is Aunt Rose and Aunt Mien, they work on our farm. Would you like to sit down and have something to eat?"

After eating a bowl of hot soup, Freddy whispered that he was full and would like to go to sleep. He said good-night and Aunt Lena took him upstairs and showed him the room he would have. He undressed quickly, shivering because of the cold, and after washing and brushing his teeth he crawled under the blankets and lay still, looking up at the white ceiling. Aunt Lena, who had been unpacking, turned off the light and sat down on his bed.

"Shall I tuck you in nice and warmly?"

"Yes, please." He snuggled lower under the blankets as she adjusted them. She passed her hand over his forehead, gently brushing the hair away.

"Whenever you get up tomorrow come downstairs and we'll decide what to do then, all-right?"

"All right," he whispered. She stroked his face and smiled her warm smile.

"Good night, Freddy."

"No!" He shot up from beneath the covers and clutched her tightly. "Don't leave me, please stay a little longer," he pleaded tearfully. "Oh, don't go yet." And then he broke out crying and buried his head in her breast, his body shaking with deep sobs that he didn't try to suppress. His arms were tight about her neck and he only relaxed them a little when she kissed his cheeks and hugged him closely.

"It's all right Freddy," she said soothingly, rocking him gently back and forth, "it's all right, I won't leave you." She whispered reassuring words till his sobbing gradually subsided and was substituted by a few sniffles. Finally his breathing became easy and deep and then she loosened his arms and put him back under the blankets.

The first few days Freddy was too busy to think much about what had been going on. He went to school and saw the farm and got used to the village. But now it was Friday night and he was nervous and half-expectant. It would be just like the previous nights, no different; and yet maybe there would be something special. Surely there must be a little of the feeling, even in this place. But no matter how he tried he could not feel within himself any of the Friday night feeling. In his mind he could hear the voices in the orphanage singing but it was only an unreal echo and made him aware more sharply of his actual surroundings. He looked around the table. Aunt Rose and Aunt Mien had just come in from work. They had been on the farm the whole day and still wore their workclothes. The conversation was sparse and subdued and Freddy sat silent, dabbling listlessly at his food. What would he do tomorrow? And next week? It was really too much. He couldn't see any possible way of going on like this week after week.

Saturday was a glorious day. The sky was clear and the sun was bright and strong. The whole country had become cheerful and jubilant and Freddy had caught the excitement. He was eager to go outside and explore the woods and fields. It was a good thing that there was no school. Because it was Saturday. Suddenly he remembered and realized that he would have to come late for breakfast; he had to pray first. Hurriedly he finished dressing. He started his prayers slowly and earnestly but sometimes he found that he had forgotten what came next. He tried to visualize the synagogue in the orphanage and the place in the prayer-book

but it became all confused. He was hurt and a little peeved and raced through the remaining prayers.

After breakfast he was left alone in the house. The women had gone to the farm and although they had asked him to go along he had refused. He went out into the garden and strolled around leisurely. It was beautiful. There were no flowers yet except for some crocuses, brightly colored flames burning fiercely in the short grass. Everything was neat and orderly. It was probably a lot of work keeping it like that. A lot of fun too. He liked this village life, the fields and farms, especially the dunes. Some day he would have to go exploring there; maybe he could even walk all the way to the sea. But right now it was very boring all by himself. Maybe he should have gone to the farm after all? No, that wouldn't be right. He decided to finish an adventure book he was reading. He lay down on the grass in the hot sun and read till he fell asleep.

As the weeks passed, Freddy lived himself completely into his new life. He made friends at school, and a few enemies. He learned to accept without feeling strange the practices and routines at home, so different from those at the orphanage. True, certain things had been difficult. The first time he had been served bacon he was very embarrassed. He explained that he didn't feel well and wasn't hungry and Aunt Lena had understood and prepared something different for him. After that she had remembered and whenever there was bacon he had eaten something else. But, somehow, he felt differently now. Everyone always ate it with so much relish and it looked so good. He had been tempted to ask for some but he was afraid of appearing ungrateful or presumptuous.

It was the same with Saturday. After the first week he hadn't been asked to go along to the farm in the morning. It was a sort of relief but later he sometimes wished that they would ask him again. After all, he wouldn't do any work. He only wanted to see what everyone was doing and have someone to talk with. But he couldn't bring himself to ask outright. At breakfast one Saturday morning he was full of questions about the farm and the work; how was this done, how did that grow, was it difficult, was it fun, perhaps he could go along today to see what was doing. He half-expected a reaction of surprise or some reproachful glances, but his statement evoked only a pleasant agreement.

That afternoon they had burned a huge pile of dead branches and leaves and Freddy was fascinated by the flames shooting up high. When the fire showed signs of dying out and nobody was around to keep it alive, he collected some branches which he threw on the fire with great energy. Only later did he fully acknowledge to himself what he had done. He was momentarily ashamed and regretful but the feeling passed and gave way to pleasanter recollections. It had been a wonderful day; he would like to come more often.

From then on he went to the farm after school and every Saturday afternoon. There wasn't much he could do as yet but he gradually became familiar with the work and came to enjoy it. One day Aunt Lena showed him a small plot of land and told him that he could have it and grow whatever he wanted. But he would have to take good care of it. Freddy was almost overcome with excitement. He took a shovel and dug up the ground, then raked it smooth and stood admiring the fresh, brown earth. His own piece of land. He got a few packages of seeds and scooped out the soil in the form of his name. He sprinkled the seeds and scattered earth over them and watered the whole plot carefully. After that he went to the farm every day to inspect his little garden till finally the fragile shoots appeared, spelling out his name. He felt himself quite the farmer now; as if he had lived in the country all his life.

One afternoon when it was raining Aunt Lena had a visitor. Freddy looked up from his book. It was Mrs. Maars, a woman who had recently come to the village. She wanted to get a few children together once a week to learn some Bible stories. Aunt Lena turned to Freddy.

"I think that might be a good idea, once a week," she said to him. Freddy was not enthusiastic.

"When do we have time to do it?" he asked.

"Well, Saturday afternoon would be most convenient."

"But Saturdays I work on the farm," he protested.

"Oh, you can still work in the mornings, and after the lesson. You won't be learning the whole afternoon."

Freddy was not exactly pleased. What did he have to learn Bible for, he wanted to work in the fields or play ball with the boys from school. But the decision was made and he grudgingly accepted it.

The following Saturday afternoon Freddy went over to Mrs. Maars' house. There were four other children, sitting around the table and eating cook-

ies. Mrs. Maars came in and broke the silence that followed her entrance with a few words about the nice stories that were to be found in the Bible, stories about the beginning of the world and the Jewish people and lots of other things. The word 'Jewish' made no special impression on Freddy, but when she selected a book and suggested that Freddy would be able to read it he stared at her in surprise. Why him? He looked at the black book with the golden lettering and started. Images crowded his brain and the letters blurred. He could recognize the word! But what were those letters? He couldn't identify them but the whole word was familiar. It said Torah. For a moment he was terribly confused. He had learnt that once. He had been able to read all those letters a long time ago but he had forgotten them. There were so many things which he didn't remember any more. But he couldn't use them now, there were different interests, other things he liked to do.

"Can you read it Freddy?" asked Mrs. Maars.

He shook his head thoughtfully. "No."

"You've forgotten it already then?" she said with a smile.

He nodded and saw that the other children were looking at him curiously.

"Well, let's go on," said Mrs. Maars. "This book is a Jewish Bible and it's written in Hebrew, the Jewish language. Our Bible is a translation of this, but otherwise it's just the same."

Freddy wasn't listening. He knew that already; he knew the story of the creation that she began to read. He had known it for a long time and her voice had brought it to the surface. He couldn't wait till the story was finished, and when Mrs. Maars showed them to the door and said that she hoped to see them all again next week, he resolved not to come. He rushed home, running half the way and arriving out of breath.

"Did you like it?" asked Aunt Lena pleasantly.

"No," he replied forcefully. "Oh please, I don't want to go again next week."

"But why not, what happened?" she asked with surprise and concern in her voice.

"Nothing happened, but I know all the stories she's going to tell. I learnt them all once. I just can't go there every week, I really don't want to."

"I thought you'd enjoy it, that's why I wanted you to go there, because you've learnt them and this would remind you a little bit. We'll talk about it some other time. But if you really don't want to go you don't have to, all right? Now have a glass of milk."

Freddy drank the milk slowly and then went up to Aunt Lena. He stood on tiptoes, put his arms around her neck and kissed her.

"All right," he said. He picked up his cap and jacket, said good bye and started off towards the farm to see how his plants were doing.

Portrait of an Artist

DAVID K. LEVEY

JAMES JOYCE has been dead since 1941 and therefore can no longer bask in the praise of the new generations, but this should not prevent us from extolling him nor from critically examining his work and culling from it what is of value. And there can be no question of the relevance of Joyce's "Portrait" to us, the younger generation. It is the story of his growth and development from earliest recollections until he leaves for self-imposed exile shortly after completing college. It is probably at this time that the "Portrait" will leave its greatest impression; now, when we have so recently left adolescence and are just fresh on the road to maturity.

One of the phenomena of the Romantic movement was the intensification of the self-consciousness of the artist. This means that the artist began looking inwards for his material; he became his own hero and there emerged on the literary scene the autobiographical novel. We have only to recall that the original draft of the "Portrait" was entitled "Stephen Hero" and then make the obvious substitution by dubbing it "Joyce Hero."

To paraphrase Thomas Mann, who discusses writers' autobiographies in his essay entitled "Goethe and Tolstoy," it became necessary for the artist to bear witness to how his genius was shaped. Mann is thinking in particular of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" and Tolstoy's "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth."

This phenomenon of self-consciousness is not only apparent in the literary field, but is evident in all other endeavors involving the mind of man. Psychology, for example, has been revolutionized and has assumed major importance in a world which has become highly introspective.

Joyce, in writing the "Portrait," realized three ends. In it he was able to trace the factors that contributed to and shaped his development as an artist; it was a vehicle in which he could outline and develop his theory of esthetics, and lastly, it was in itself a milestone on the road he was planning to traverse for the remainder of his life. Wordsworth's "Prelude" is moulded on similar lines, but his aim as a poet could better be classified as a theory of didactics.

The first few pages, which may have proved an impassable barrier to some, are a recording of the author's first glimpses of his surroundings. The theme, then, is first impressions; the device is the weaving and interweaving of Stephen's (the hero) approach to the world through his five senses. And here, incidentally, Joyce emerges in one of his roles as literary innovator. The child's increasing ability to distinguish between one thing and another is shown by the insertion of one of the following sentences every few paragraphs or so: "They had a different father and mother . . . different clothes and voices . . . a different way of walking . . . different places that had different names . . ." The child's view broadens and his mind plays with the feeling of the word universe and then G-d. In one paragraph Joyce repeats G-d and Dieu no less than sixteen times.

Chapter one deals with Joyce's first school years at Clongowes Wood College. Apparently he was sent there as a very young child and such an early separation from home must have been fraught with all the terrors a sensitive child can experience. Two episodes stand out in these pages as they must have in Joyce's own mind. The first is the dramatic Christmas dinner which took place during Stephen's first vacation at home. In a sense, it sets the pattern for themes which are intrinsic in all of Joyce's works. It is seen, of course, through the eyes of a child, but perhaps for this very reason it assumes even sharper outlines than it actually warranted. In approximately three pages of conversation Joyce reveals his family, his home-life, and the diverse opinions held by his family on religious and political views which, on a larger scale, were held by all of Ireland and which no serious Irishman, least of all Joyce, could think of without strong convictions and stronger words. Some one hundred and seventy pages later Stephen, in a conversation with his friend Cranly, articulates concisely for us their implications in his own life. "The soul is born—he said vaguely—first in those moments I told you of. It has a slow and dark birth, more mysterious than the birth of the body. When the soul of a man is born in this country there are nets flung at it to hold it back from flight. You talk to me of nationality, language, religion. I shall try to fly by those nets."

The second important scene also serves as a conclusion for the first chapter. The incident concerns the breaking of Stephen's eyeglasses. The prefect of studies while making the rounds of the classrooms, notices that Stephen is not writing as the others are. Upon inquiry he finds that the teacher has excused him because he cannot see properly without his glasses. However the prefect is convinced that it was not an accident and that Stephen is a "lazy little schemer" attempting to avoid work. Stephen's hands, as a result, are beaten severely with a pandybat. Aside from the pain, Stephen is horrified by the cruelty and unfairness of his treatment. In a move, which he hardly dared to make, he appeals to the headmaster and is exonerated.

It may be called his first major encounter with injustice perpetrated by someone in an authoritarian position. It is an event which obviously affected him deeply. As a study in a distressed child's mind, it is a masterpiece.

Chapter two, like the preceding one, is more de-

velopmental than climactic. That is, it contains the kernels of things that will assume larger proportions in the following sections. Events which occur here, although they in themselves are effective, will be ramified and force vital decisions later. The main themes here are young love coupled with young love frustrated, intellectual bigotry, Stephen's father, and promiscuous sex relations. Stephen is growing up. He has left Clongowes and now attends Belvedere College, a Jesuit school in Dublin. He entered Belvedere at the age of eleven and graduated at sixteen. Herbert Gorman, in his definitive biography, describes Joyce(and therefore Stephen) as "a lean, grave-mannered boy, manifestly older in temperament than his years, an excellent scholar with an aptitude for languages and composition, obedient to those in authority because of a natural orderliness of mind, independent in judgment, impatient of stupidities, popular enough with his companions but never giving too much of himself to them, intellectually inquisitive and leavened by a half-mocking sense of humor." Again Stephen is discovering, but on a grander scale. The artist, hitherto in embryo, is bursting his pupa.

Chapter three is the most exciting in the book. It is the document of an adolescent's religious experience brought about by guilt feelings which were the result of those promiscuous relations, and, as such, could stand alone as a psychological narrative bursting with emotion. It contains a building-up, a climax seething with all the horrors of hell-fire, and a conclusion in which the subject is at complete peace with himself. "It was true. It was not a dream from which he would wake. The past was the past." If this were the case, if this third section were a story and not part of a novel, we could draw various conclusions—either that the youth remained fervently religious his whole life, that he boomeranged and became a sinner again, or that the fire died out and he became a regular churchgoer in the sense that religion for him became institutionalized. The latter, however, is unlikely. Mediocrity is not the lot of one who is capable of such fierce religious experiences.

But we are not left to wonder. The story line moves on, and in chapter four, the most important and beautiful in the book, we see the next stage. For a while Stephen's religious fervor continues, and then gradually abates. And now comes the turning point of Stephen's life. For at the moment of rejection, he accepts, and with his whole being. During the last stage of Stephen's period of piety, one of the priests approaches him and suggests that Stephen consider the priesthood as a life's work. Stephen does consider it and realizes that he has reached a crisis. He weighs his feelings and examines himself. His whole life has been leading up to this. He rejects the cloth, and, after a few pages of minor details, he rejects again, and in the paragraph after this, as if in the same breath, he accepts his role as writer in the phrase—"a day of dappled seaborne clouds." The climax has come in one soft poetical line, for he realizes that his life is now dedicated to words. He will minister at the altar of his art. "To live, to err, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out of life." In these last pages of the chapter, we are lifted up on a wave of exultation.

Stephen's next step is to enter University College in Dublin, another Jesuit school. He is sixteen, and we feel that he has already achieved much of his maturation. He seems to understand himself well. The problem of finding himself and placing himself in the proper niche is all but solved. But he has other difficulties. Religion, political issues, family, country, even the formulating of an esthetic theory loom before him as stumbling blocks which must be confronted and moved aside so as not to prevent him from fulfilling that for which he feels himself predetermined. He cannot mingle with the crowd of students around him. They lack the understanding with which they could have crossed the gulf that separated them from him. But it will ever be thus. The genius, who stands head and shoulders above the rest, is and must remain alone. This is the price he pays. One of Stephen's fellow students remarks, "Dedalus, you're an antisocial being, wrapped up in yourself." Little could this Lilliputian realize that it was his sensitivity to "society" that was responsible. What more could Stephen do, probably, except look blankly, force the suggestion of a smile, and move on. He felt isolated even from world culture. "But yet it wounded him to think that he would never be but a shy guest at the feast of the world's culture and that the monkish learning, in terms of which he was striving to forge out an esthetic philosophy, was held no higher by the age he lived in than the subtle and curious jargons of heraldry and falconry." This need not apply only to an Irish Catholic raised by Jesuits.

The logical result of such a state of mind was exile. The atmosphere in Dublin was stifling. Later

in life he wrote,

"But I owe a duty to Ireland
I hold her honour in my hand
This lovely land that always sent
Her writers and artists to banishment
And in the spirit of Irish fun
Betrayed her own leaders one by one."

His defense against the barriers that impeded him were silence, exile, and cunning. With a "non serviam" on his lips he left Ireland, hardly ever to return again. And with a prayer in his heart directed to his patron saint, the old father and the old artificer, he went forth "to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race."

Borne by the Stream

MELVIN S. COHEN

THE SUN STOOD HIGH in the midsummer sky as I entered the forest. Although the surrounding countryside sweltered in the heat of the noonday sun, coolness permeated the woods. As I penetrated the thicket, I chanced upon a spring rolling forth with sweet, clear water. Having no reason to continue my ingression, I sat down on a smooth rock beside the spring and immediately became aware of the omnipresent stillness.

Just then, the loud clapping noise of a bird taking to the sky ruptured the web of silence which had enveloped the woodlands. Before long, however, the clapping of its wings could be heard no more, and once again the woods were quiet, save for a slight breeze which whispered among the towering trees.

Thus it was. when a small yellow piece of straw, no more than five or six inches long, fell into the vivifying stream of water emanating from the spring. It was as if the wind, tired of its burden, had decided to have the stream carry the straw on its way. This the stream did, for immediately the piece of chaff was swallowed by the current and swept along.

I still wonder occasionally what it was about that small piece of chaff that made me react as I did. Quite possibly it was the lack of something better to do at the time, and, as it was, I got up and started to follow that bit of yellow. At first the current was slow and I had no difficulty pacing it, while making my way through the shrubbery. A dragon-fly found the floating straw a pleasant support, and accompanied it for some distance down stream.

As time progressed and distance increased, however, the pace quickened and soon the dragon-fly left its ferry for some more secure perch. As the stream pressed on and eddies appeared which animated the surface of the water, the straw would go under occasionally, only to return immediately to the surface. By that time, the tiny water bugs skittering back and forth across the water conveyed a sense of urgency as they tried to avoid the straw as well as the eddies.

My progress was gradually becoming more difficult with the increasing abundance of foliage along the shore, and I was distracted from the plight of the piece of chaff. It was only when the underbrush thinned for a short distance that I noticed the bit of straw caught in the midst of a stretch of rapids. The water surged over and under the rocks, and with it, like a sturdy vessel, the object of my interest. It momentarily lodged between two rocks, but it was soon carried over the obstacle by the swift waters. Over and around the obstructions in the current it was swept. I kept pushing on, trying not to lose sight of the piece of chaff in the turbulent waters, only vaguely aware of the rushing sound gradually growing louder and closer. Suddenly I looked downstream and abruptly halted. At the end of the rapids I saw a sharp drop in the landscape. Standing there, I watched as the straw was carried by the stream over the waterfall—a piece of chaff from out of nowhere, returned to obscurity.

The sun was dipping into the horizon and I quickly retraced my steps. Soon I was again at the edge of the forest, and as I emerged I glanced back. Although a bluish glow still clung to the vault of the heaven, the woods were already shrouded in blackness, and in the forest the creatures of the night shift had begun to stir.

Abercrombie in Pursuit

MARVIN BLACKMAN

THE SUN had risen and was making its customary rounds. Its rays had scarcely fallen on the Mosque when a vigilant sentry on the eastern turret shrieked "Minyan." Thus the sun once more restored life to the dwellers of the Mosque on 187th Street.

My first glimpse on looking at the window was typical. An early pigeon was trying to sneak in and catch one of Fishel's worms, which he was incubating in the cozy warmth of his blankets. That was to the left of my bed. On top of my double decker, Yankel was beating some dust out of his mattress into my eyes as he performed his crazy getting up exercises.

I said good morning to my roommates, slipped out from under my cover onto the plush carpet and walked to the towel rack to select one of a dozen multicolored towels supplied to us for the day. Today my hand fell on the black one. You see, though the day began so typically, I already sensed an omen of Abercrombie's coming.

Yes, Abercrombie, everpresent—always lurking in the dark corners of a hall, a room, a closet, any place that he could hide that fat frame of his so that near sighted people like me would have to smell him before they knew to run. So far though I had been successful in eluding him.

After washing, I dressed and borrowed one of Yankel's ties. Poor Yankel—I think he is color blind; that or the tie salesman seems to have a way with his customers.

When I was ready to leave the room, I carefully searched the closet, locked it, shut the window, drew the blinds, turned out the lights, and padlocked the door. That would keep Abercrombie out, I hoped.

Things went well during the day. I attended my classes without once remembering Abercrombie's search for me. Everything seemed to be alright until I returned to the dorm room that evening.

I opened our door and by natural reflex, began to fan the smoke of Fishel's cigar. He spit the ashes out of his mouth together with some gibberish.

"Abercrombie was looking for you."

Flinging the door open, I dropped down five flights of steps and evacuated the building. I ran four blocks north, jumped into the river, and frog-kicked to the Bronx. After making a new world's record for a ten block run in soaking wet clothes, I ducked into a tall building and caught the elevator to the 39th floor. I crawled into the showers of the men's room and tried to act inconspicuous. When my eyes became accustomed to the steam screen I had set up, I could see three eyes leering at me. Then I knew that this human version of a bloodhound had managed to keep up with me. He remembered having caught me in the showers many times before when I was defenseless as I was now. I had to think fast. I slipped out of the shower on a bar of Kosher soap, threw open the window and jumped. When I was passing the 23rd floor I looked back up and saw him hurling curses at me from the window.

Once more I had eluded Abercrombie. But how much longer could I keep this up. He was getting to know all my whereabouts. Secret corners turned into well-known retreats after the first eighteen times. No longer could I disguise myself as a heap of sneakers on the floor of the closet. This strategy once almost proved fatal when he removed his boots and attempted to try me on his fragrant feet. Even my being in the Beth Medrash was no longer a novelty to him. I had to devise new ways to elude him.

I returned to my dormitory past midnight to find my roommates still studying. Right now Fishel was quizzing Yankel and helping him prepare the French homework.

"Ou sont mes petits elephants?" Fishel said and Yankel interpreted "Where are my small elephants?"

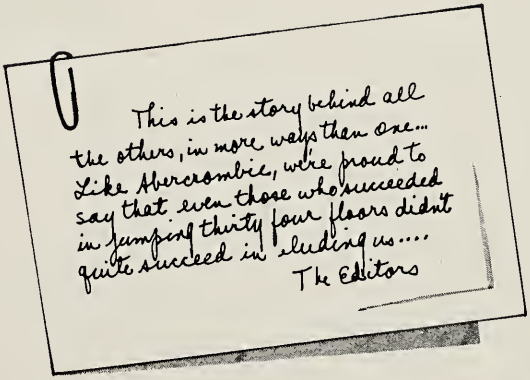
"Qui est ce qui a mangé le main de mon pere?" interrogated Fishel. "Who is it that has eaten my father's hand? Yankel answered proudly.

Yankel had every reason to study and be serious. He had motivation. A portrait of his uncle, framed and proudly dangling over his bed, ever served to remind him of his uncle's last words to him. His uncle was dying of starvation at the time. With moist eyes, his uncle had placed his hand gently over Yankel's shoulder and uttered the nine words which were Yankel's guiding force in his attempt to climb to fame, his one source of inspiration. What a wealth of meaning in those nine small words: "If I only had a whole lot of money."

Fishel, on the other hand, is a different type from Yankel. He comes from a well to do family. His father had cornered the market on egg plants and ever since Fishel could remember he was raised in the purple. Fishel's love was Biology. He constantly wrote essays for biological journals on such erudite themes as: *How happy is the clam? Do spiders dance? Why so many rabbits?*

Despite their different natures Fishel and Yankel always managed to collaborate on their French homework. As they are about to complete their translation, our beloved tie salesman walks into the room. To my surprise, he snubs Yankel and jumps on me with a smile on his face and a tie in his hands. He winds the tie around my esophagus. "Cut it out Erotic. I don't need any ties," I answer his presupposed, "Do you want to buy a tie?". "All right I'll buy it but quit choking me, Hey quit choking me . . . Hey . . ."

Oops, this isn't Erotic. "Abercrombie you sneak. So you finally got me. Yes, I promise, so let go. I promise, I'll write an article for MASMID.".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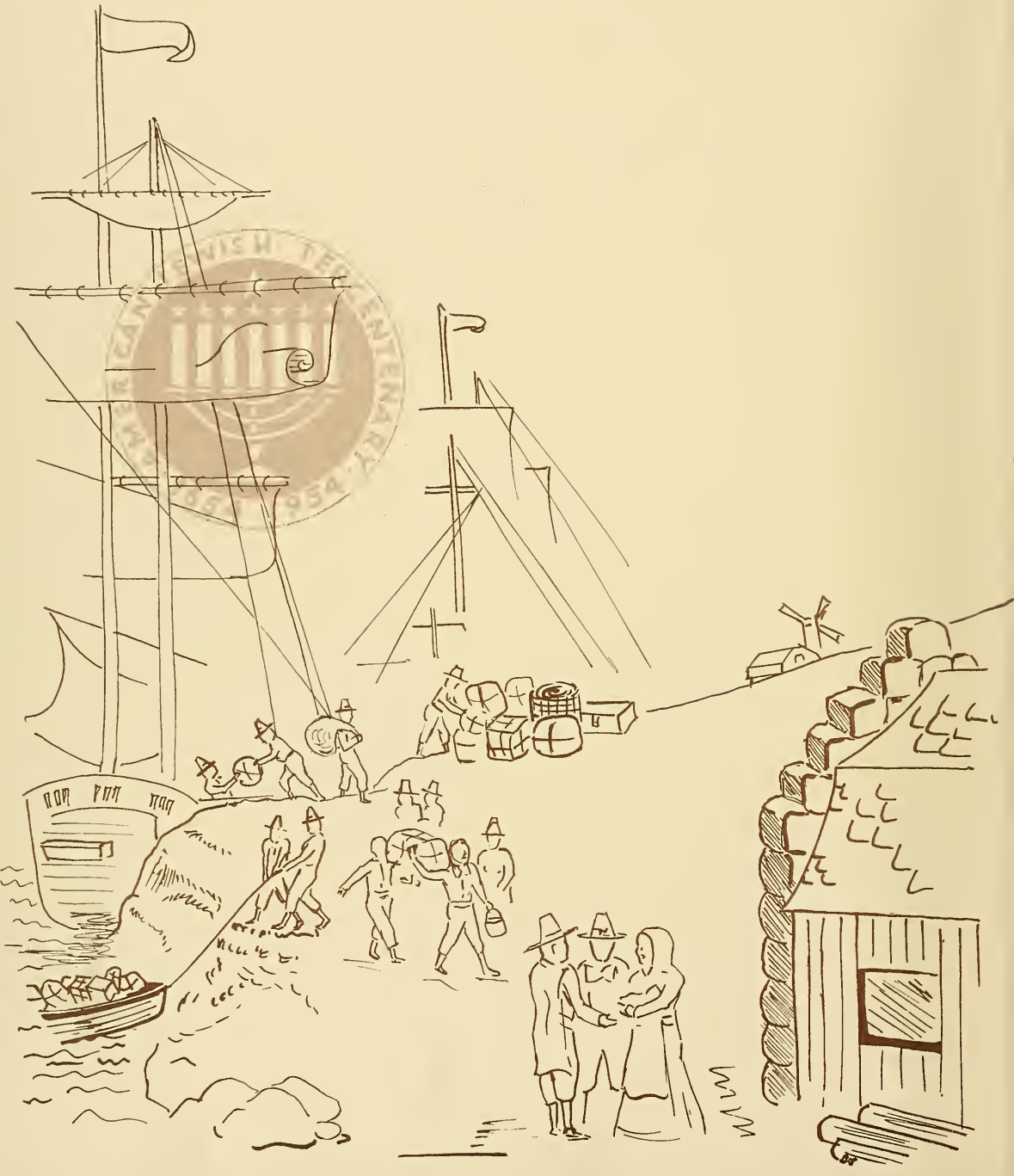

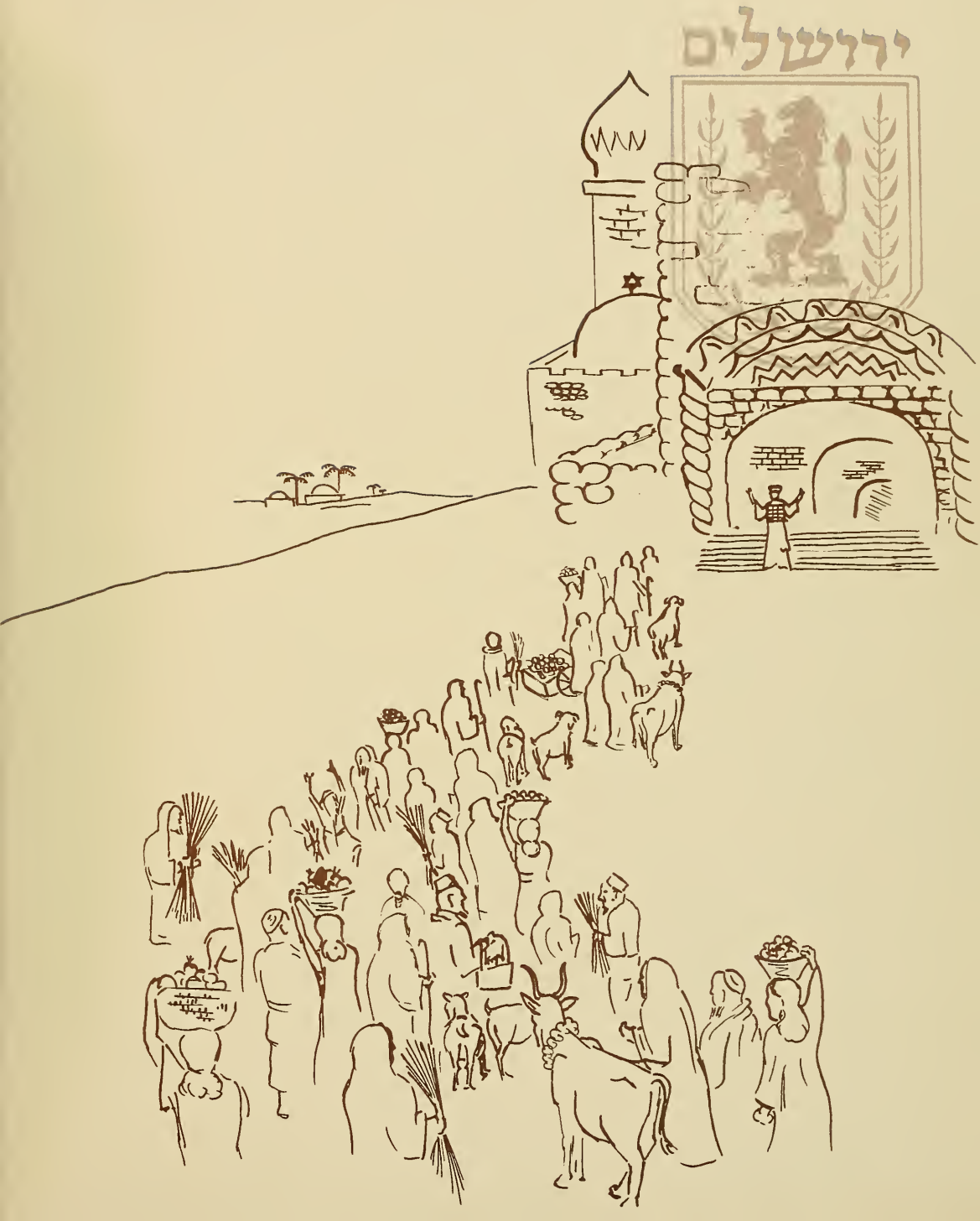
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